

SUNDAY MAGAZINE

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AH LEE BUNG

BY WALLACE IRWIN



"Me Sabbe Plenty—Japan-boy Throw Bück-hat, China-boy Make Sweet-talk—All Same Y. M. C. A."



LOBES of sunset color were beginning to creep through the Santa Clara apricot orchards, when Mr. Jiro Uremoto bashed his cavalcade on the county road, then turned in at the gatepost bearing a tin letter box marked "B. F. Oliver." Mr. Jiro, being go-folish, rode alone in a red backboard; but he was stoutly supported in the rear by three crate wagons bearing fifty Japanese laborers, and as many quaint patent leather suitcases.

There was a curious uniformity about that little army of coolies with their despicable ready-made suits and headgear fashioned to resemble style by some Mad Hatter of Shoddyville; but Mr. Jiro was of finer cloth. His straw hat, fearfully new and smooth, was circled by a ribbon of noisy blue and yellow; mottled purple shone above his new tan shoes; and his suit was fresh from the tailor's iron, of an assertive check, furnished with diagonal pockets. He smoked Egyptian cigarettes; for was he not a super-Japanese? By profession he was a boss contractor of coolie labor. His followers looked up to him and called him "Master"; but the local fruit growers, disdainful the rolling syllables of his island name, usually addressed him as "Harry."

The procession rounded the dusty curve leading to the ranch house. An almond tree stood angrily beside the road as Ah Lee Bung, a tall, plump old Chinese with scant, gray pigtail, rose up from behind a fence and focused on the interlopers his one benevolent, flat-ridged eye. The other eye had doubtless been equally benevolent and equally flat-ridged had it not gone to join its ancestor two score years before.

"What fo?" demanded Ah Lee Bung of the passing Jiro, pointing dramatically at the little brown brothers in the crate wagons.

"Pigtail! I disgust at your nationality!" retorted Mr. Jiro, haughtily snapping up his horse. "This animal was Jiro's proudest possession, which he valued even more highly than his college cut suit and straw hat."

"Ah! I sabbe you! You catches Japanese swell-

head!" shouted Bung after the departing conquerors. Here followed an oration in Chinese that Jiro did not understand; and this was perhaps fortunate, for Ah Lee Bung was of the people who invented the art of repartee.

JUDGE OLIVER, grown to look like a noble Spaniard in that golden sun, showed his tanned skin and snowy goatee at the door of the ranch house and came forth to greet the Samurais, who were now standing ankle-deep in the dusty road.

"What's the matter, Harry? You're two days late," he said, addressing Jiro.

"Thank you," replied the contract boss with the air of one who has just received a compliment. "These Japanese boys is very sufficient workman, yes 'deed! Intelligent—oh! I gather them more hastily than I could."

"There's fifty of 'em, according to contract," said Tommy Oliver, a tall college boy in khaki.

"We very prompt delivery," rapped Jiro. His pride was to know every thing American, his ambition to learn more.

"Two days late—that looks like prompt delivery!" commented the Judge.

The fruit crop was coming ripe with terrific swiftness, and speedy gathering meant everything. There was a labor famine up and down the Santa Clara Valley, and the Olivers, for the first time in their experience, were forced to employ Japanese pickers. The boss, in such cases, usually contracts to pick, sort, cut, and dry the entire crop for market.

"You'll be ready to put your gang to work tomorrow morning?" asked Judge Oliver anxiously. The sun was now swinging low over the Coast Range.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Sir!" answered Jiro the business man. "Tomorrow very strict my intelligent men work. Yes. But I must demand one different arrangement, please." The Japanese drew his stubby mustache above his prominent teeth in one long, hissing smile.

"One different arrangement!" thundered the Judge. "Do you mean to say you're going to back out at this stage of the proceedings?"

"Oh, how sorry you should be so depraved!" exclaimed the fashionable Harry. "Yet one slight command we

must require." Jiro looked over the harrowed acres to where the venerable Ah Lee Bung, clad in a blue jumper, stooped Ceres-like in the act of pouring golden apricots into an open crate.

"We must be excused from our prejudices, which is too bad. Chinese and Japanese are accustomed to enjoy considerable hatred from each other. Therefore, if we work in field with him," pointing to the patient Bung, "we shall be unable to do so."

"But Bung's been with us for years," spoke up Tommy. "He's a good sort—no real harm in him. I'm sure you'll find him all right to work with."

"Doubtless he are very delicious," responded Jiro. "Excuse us from our prejudice. Chinese cause us national disgust."

Judge Oliver checked his rising irritation at this declaration of independence. The need of labor was dire; but he had no intention of abandoning Bung the faithful and true.

"You fellows go to work," he said diplomatically. "We'll see that Bung doesn't cause you any disturbance."

"We do bow best we can for friendship," Judge Oliver said Jiro; "but this Chinese must not protrude too much. Otherwise we quit."

He turned to his men and spoke the liquid language of the islands. Mechanically and without a word the obedient Samurais mounted their wagons, three huddled groups of human machines. Jiro, lightly flicking the dust from his knit silk necktie, mounted his backboard, and the entourage rumbled away toward the quarters behind the pepper grove.

BUNG—oh, Bung!" shouted Judge Oliver, beckoning to the blue-jumpered man at work among the fruit trees.

"All lie, Judge Olivah," responded Bung, assuming that air of affable adroitness with which he always addressed his boss. He was getting old. He had been with the Olivers now for twenty years, and the family had grown fossilially attached to this faithful, temperamental benchmark.

"Bung," said the Judge, "Harry the Jap has brought fifty men over to pick the crops this year."

"I see him," granted the yellow man, mischief glint-

ing in his single eye. "Now, I know the Chinese and Japanese don't get along together."

"Too much! all same dog-eat, dog-fight--no good!" says Bung.

"Well, you've got to live like each in their own country--understand? I don't want any rowing and fighting in the orchard. If the Japs are inclined to be cross with you, you'll have to use diplomacy."

"What you call him--diplomacy?"
"Diplomacy is the art of getting ahead without a fight," was the rather loose definition that Judge Oliver gave.

"Me sabbe plenty--Japan-boy throw black-belt. China-boy make sweet-talk--all same Y. M. C. A. You've got the idea--and no go with me. No trouble, understand? If I hear of any unpleasantness in the orchard, I'm going to put it all up to you. You'll lose your job. Ah, no. You're poor old Bung," said the Chinaman, incredulously shaking his gray pigtail as he departed.

WAR, said the philosopher Ng Tso, "is the vice of vampires." And Bung was no vampire. Yet in himself he longed to throw himself like a ball of fire upon the vanquished Tatars. However, he confided these desperate impulses only to his ancestors, a countless line of passive gentlemen who had always, without a murmur, passed on various rates for the peas.

The fifty-one Japanese, on the other hand, grew big with pride as the season wore on and the picking proceeded. Mr. Jiro Urezo, the one known as "Harry," was especially intent in his power. "An enormous personal vanity made him ever conspicuous," I know American custom--oh, yes--punctually," was his constant boast.

Evenings after supper Jiro always arrayed himself. He would put on his suit with the diagonal pockets, his purple socks, his straw hat with the ribbon of noisy red and yellow, and hitching his sore horse to his new red backboard, he would drive grandly through the winding lanes of the ranch, leaving an aroma of Egyptian cigarettes behind him. He always drove by himself alone, and in his triumphal progress he never failed to pass Bung's stack, driving so close to the lonely philosopher that he often opened the box on which Bung called his stock of sickness. At this time, Bung would invariably scream a chapter of Cantonese invective and

rush into the hermitage, slamming the door. But if the surrogat Jiro noticed this discourtesy, he made no sign.

ONE night, however, something happened right in front of Bung's cottage. Mr. Jiro, stuck out in his customary cloak boy disguise, had called on Bung a little later than usual. In fact, the dusk had settled so far that the cartwheel entirely missed the beam in passing. A moment later Jiro's horse reared on his hind legs and fell forward in a heap so suddenly that his steady driver was seen to pitch forward over the dashboard and strike the road head first with the energy of a human bullet. The whip flew one way, the party-colored straw hat another, and before the baffled Jiro could gather together his scattered properties the horse had scrambled to his feet and cut a noisy hee line for some indefinite point in the dusk.

Jiro, limping and having his beloved hat, galloped in the wake of his steed, shouting in Japanese.

As soon as his willful persecutor was well out of sight Bung emerged from his cottage and quietly took down the length of Manila rope he had tied across the road from the trunks of two pepper trees.

Bung usually worked in a corner of the grove directly removed from the prevailing wind. When Jiro's mysterious tumble the Chinaman approached closer to his enemies. He stood on the ground and, looking up, addressed a spiteful spray of legs perched on a ladder among the branches.

"Japan-devil heap smart boy!" he remarked in a tone of excessive sweetness.

"Bad-man! Op'um-smoker!" piped the wisened little acrobat from the top of a tree. In another instant Ah Los Bung was racing down the road, pursued by a shower of apricots, buckets, water bottles, and stones, which hit the moving target with such accuracy that the man who made the Japanese famous on the naval victory won by Admiral Jogo.

Bung thereupon resolved upon a desperate expedient. He went to his shack, took down the red grayer papers from the door, and posted in their place a row of yellow waters of a shade particularly offensive to the Powers of Darkness. He just gives birth to an idea.

Peace reigned for a week while the pickers made splendid inroads into the crop. The cutters under the stars, and the planters and piters the dexterity of jugglers, laughed, and bickered in a language that is

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its wings, and sailed triumphantly through transcendent spaces. There, lapped in the luxurious beauty of dreamland and aroused anew by mystic messages, he met the souls of the great producers of knowledge and body and its health. Hippocrates welcomed him as a long-lost brother, and Herophilus, the first disciple of dissection, greeted him as a prodigious knowledge of things. Celsus, reclining on the shores of a crystal lake, enthused in glibly gestures because the doctor appreciated what he had done in defining the esophagus. Rufus, the great physician, and the learned and distinguished band of bygone physicians, raising themselves from the lethargic contemplation of their own achievements, strived to impart to the prodigious knowledge, which offered him roses for his coach, and plaited in his hair, his gorgeous garlands of aromatic plants and healing herbs.

"I lost one fine evening, when the breeze came heavy with a storm of perfume and Israel sang at his wildness and his best, old Erasmus said this suggestion:

"The digestion, Harvey, my boy! Save the digestion! This is the great work for you to do."

Whereupon, Harvey, heeding the advice and appreciating that he had done all there was to do in agricultural chemistry, made up his mind to learn something and say something about the action of chemicals and food adulterants on the human digestive organs. After that, his course was easy. He began to formulate in poetry, the great work of the chemist, and to make the trade in injurious molasses and quack remedies. He formed his famous "poison squad," and, by fevelling on the subject of adulterated products, he acquired an exact knowledge of what havoc he wrought in the body of a man or a woman by food that has been colored or preserved with harmful ingredients.

"What is my aim?" he asks to convince the people of this country that they are fools to let the food suppliers hurt their health or rob their pocketbooks by selling them impure or worthless foodstuffs."

His campaign of education succeeded, and in the Roosevelt administration, when Congress harkened to the call of the voters and decided to pass a law against the misbranding of drugs and the harmful adulteration of foods, the House Committee on Agriculture asked Wiley to write the Act. He did, and to this day the members of the House still refer to him as "the father of the law that created the Pure Food Legislation."

But he has been tremendously active in many other ways. It is his habit to list mothers how to feed their children, and to warn children against the use of cocaine, to explain why some goods are wholesome and why some others are not. His work on agricultural chemistry is a standard the world over. French and German scientific editors occasionally request requests for special articles. His lectures and writings on "poor goods" and "bad goods" have given him such abundant credit wherever he goes to Europe he need not escape a continuous round of entertainments and ovations. The highbrowed and longhaired gent of the Continent laid over themselves and ride about on horseback to record him up and make him sit at table with them.

In Washington, Dr. Wiley is always in demand as an after dinner speaker. He is at ease with airy badinage and persiflage as he is with the blunt facts of science and he always brings a laugh. More than six feet tall and built with all the massive strength of a Corinthian column, he has a way of talking that comes out and furnishes enough wit to make them fat.

THE Bureau of Chemistry, of which Wiley is now the chief, is today headed by a distinguished employe, as compared with the three men who made up its membership when he took charge of it twenty-nine years ago, and the great growth of the staff may be taken as the concrete expression of the manner in which the public has responded to Wiley's preachings that the people of this country have a right to be sold foods that will not poison them. The great chemists of the world are the legal guardians of national digestion, and the protectors of the country's pantry.

The doctor, a native of Indiana, a student of chemistry and the effects of chemistry on plants and human beings. A native of Indiana, he began life as an instructor in his State, became State Chemist, went to Washington and took the position of chief chemist in the Department of Agriculture, and later went into the service of the Government. Since then he has enjoyed merely a growing procession of foreign decorations, honorary degrees, and the like, and the list of his employes has increased. His mail is burdened with letters from cities and countries that want to enlist his services in reform for the betterment of the people. He has received many prizes and honors. His chief reward has come in the recognition given him by the masses of the people.

But, first and foremost, he is a poet: a rare kind of poet for he is a chemist and a poet. He is a poet, first of all! He has even published some of his epic, songs, lampoons, and digres. And when a man does that he is some poet.

His love of the masses never falters. Day by day he thinks with Homer and fleeces with Hesiod on the slopes of Helicon, or skipping lightly down the corridors of Olympus, and he thinks of the people who are to be fed. He thinks of the people who are to be fed. He thinks of the people who are to be fed. He thinks of the people who are to be fed. He thinks of the people who are to be fed.

This doctor, full of the unspiced lore of genius and poet, is the man who is the crowning achievement of poetry. He has thrown into the pantry the glow of romance, and has enveloped the kitchen stove with the fragrance of the gods and the glory of the gods. He has thrown a pan sputter in trochaic rhythm, and has sung the glory of fresh laid eggs in Pindaric notes.

Wherefore, we say, the Isles of Greece have nothing on the sides of Wiley's breast.

THE POET OF THE PANTRY

BY JAMES HAY, JR.

THE Isles of Greece--the Isles of Greece where burning Sappho loved and sung, where Orpheus sang, where unsharpened swords, the idea of the national Bureau of Chemistry where Doctor Wiley works and sings; for the pure food expert, the savior of the nation's stomach, is a poet--a full fledged, ardent, tuneful, and ambitious. His spirit, taking flight from a wilderness of bottles, tubes, and tests, rises as on the wings of the hawk into the empyrean of his radiant, burning, and brilliant. He is the sphers with its multitudinous smile, adds another charm to the meridian glory of the sun, and wings to life the poor, dead leaves that lie pale and suppressed; in the ashen valleys of the moon. His enchanted by the honeyed, by languorous sweet, rushes from his poetic surroundings of benzene of soda, commences with the company of immortal singers, and thrills in sweet accord with that ethereal zone where the roughest disturbance is so faint that it is almost the herald of storms is a roseleaf rain.

What is more to the point, Dr. James W. Wiley, affixed in a ship of dazzling dreams on the high, high sea of a softiron sky, strings his gems on the strong, gold wire of common sense. The song with which he greets his brother the Wind, and rouses the Mist, and the conscious in which he holds new luster to the evening star, and the epic in which he fraternizes with Jove, harrier of thunderbolts--all, all of them may be read like profit to the pantry.

Have you purchased a medicine that was misbranded, in defiance of the law and regulations? Then will the doctor, discounting in juristic trappings, breathe forth the mournful melody of your injury in patronizing a druggist who sells poisons inaccurately labeled. Has your marketman palmed off on you a "spring chicken" which has been in storage long enough to make its bones turn blue? Then will Wiley, employing the melodious flow of dactylic hexameters, hurl tureful curses upon the criminal dealer in poultry. Is your fourcornered pan by three corners of your life in jeopardy, or is your center? Tell it to the doctor, and the splendid murmur of his wrath will warm the very cockles of your heart. All your vexations, and all your sorrows, and Sappho and equity of Voltaire stands for purity--purity in poetry and purity in provender. The wings of his genius touch with equally charming motion the summons of inspiration and the depths of digestion. With

the lyrical lines of his soaring song he has connected forever the pantry and the pantry, the lateening and the lard.

Variety banks in the Wiley poetry. Some of it is melody, grand, and impressive rhythm, surging forth with high and embowing thought, and some of it trips lightly hand in hand with the music of the day, and the disposition of his sermons, extending in topics from the sweetness of the hammock to the action of the heart, every note and each syllable, and his choruses. Tragedy kisses the hem of Jove's robe. And particularly does the laughing voice of Mirth itself, in his "Song of Agricultural Chemists."

But the doctor's poetry is merely the laughing voice of Mirth itself. When he wrote the present Pure Food and Drugs Act some of his minutest precepts were surprised by his failure to frame it in heroic verse. This, however, was far from his thoughts. That law summed up the work of the French Legion of Honor, better was his Elliot-Cresson medal, better than his rank as a chevalier of the Mérite Agricole.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY entered the service of Government twenty-nine years ago, finding his poetical soul and exploring brain in charge of a division consisting of three units. The Department of Agriculture in those days was an embryonic state, giving little opportunity for vast undertakings, affording but cramped space for the flapping of the wings of literary genius. He devoted all his time to agricultural chemistry, and the fruits of his labors came forth in the shape of pamphlets and bulletins on such earthly subjects as "Commercial Fertilizers," "Mixed Soils," "American Butters and Their Adulterations," and "The Action of Acids and Bases Black on Rotary Power of Glucose."

Then the inevitable happened. You can't keep a rising soul chained to a desk and a chair. He was a poet, more than you can keep a quivering and surcharged with the simple spirit of Wiley, quivering and surcharged with the simple knowledge of the action of air and soils on plants and flowers, broke the bars of acid and salt, tried out

Photo by C. Chaboud.
Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

A CAPTAIN UNAFRAID

PART III.

Narrated by CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN to HORACE SMITH



The General and His Companions Came Out to Meet Us in a Fishing Boat.



After the tags that set out to follow the *Hermuda* from New York had been lost in the snowstorm that was sent to aid us, we kept on to the eastward until we were too far from the shore for our smoke to be followed in case the weather cleared suddenly, and then turned south and ran down to Atlantic City to pick up General Cabato Garcia and his companions. They came out to meet us in a fishing boat from Great Egg Harbor, flying a white flag to identify them, and we got them aboard in short order, and proceeded southward at full speed. The whole movement was executed so quickly that the detestable crew, and it was not until four days later that they were sure as to just what had happened. Then a frantic telegram was sent from Washington to all Collectors of Customs on the Atlantic Coast, ordering the seizure of the *Hermuda*; but we were halfway to our destination by that time.

With General Garcia, who was the central figure in the party, were Dr. Joaquin Castillo Diaz, subdelegado at New York under Mr. Palma, and General Emilio Nufes, Chief of Expeditions for the revolutionists. Dr. Enrique Hernandez, who had an office at 60th-st. and Madison-ave., New York, left a profitable practice to go along as staff surgeon for General Garcia. They were accompanied by nearly one hundred of their countrymen, who at the last minute had taken advantage of what seemed to be a favorable opportunity to go home and engage in the war. General Garcia breathed easier when he saw the Jersey coast going down astern, with no pursuing ships in sight; but he was still oppressed by the fear that the expedition would meet with no better fortune than those which had preceded it.

"I never expect to see Cuba again," he kept telling his staff officers.

"Don't you worry about that, General," I told him. "You are going to get to Cuba this time."

"That's what they have all told me," he replied mournfully.

"I never have told you that before, have I?"

"Yes."

"Then take my word for it. This time we will get you there."

My confidence impressed him a little, and he lost some of his melancholy; but it was not until we had

within sight of Cuba that he took a really cheerful view of things.

At an appointed place below Cape Henry we were long enough to pick up eight large, flat bottomed dories in which to land our passengers and the large cargo of arms. In all filibustering expeditions it is essential to put the cargo ashore as quickly as possible and get away, the more surely to avoid detection. Using the ship's boats, it would have taken us two days to land all the stuff we carried, and it was out of the question to take on the dories at New York; so it had been arranged that they should be waiting for us at a designated time and place.

With our cargo complete we took a circuitous course, to avoid coastwise traffic and wandering warships and revenue cutters. This involved some loss of time; but a few days made no difference, as compared with the greater safety this roundabout way assured. We were to land in a little indentation in the coast between Punta Maravi and Aguasque, five miles west of Baracoa Light-house, which is about thirty miles west of Cape Maysi, the eastern end of the island.

On the afternoon of March 25 I have to oft Inagua Island and looked the engines over carefully, examined all the bearings, cleared the fires, and gave the firemen a lesson in smokeless stoking—which is another thing no filibuster can afford to overlook. More than one expedition, otherwise well planned, has come to grief because proper precautions were not taken to prevent talkative smoke from pouring out of the ship's funnels. The wise way to put on coal, when it is desired to hold no signal that may result in capture, is to drop it in a heap just inside of the furnace door, instead of throwing it far back and scattering it, and allow it to coke, after which it can be shied up and pushed back. This trick I learned in my early filibustering days. The fire that is handled in this way makes just as much steam as is produced by the ordinary method, and gives off only a very little thin white smoke, which can scarcely be seen even at a short distance.

WE had on board two Cuban pilots who, because of their supposed familiarity with the coast, were to fix the course as soon as we made out the land and direct the ship to the point at which the landing was to be made. One of them was a traitor, as I had suspected for sometime before it was proved, and the other was at best an ignoramus. We raised Baracoa Light soon after dark. The pilot who had been bribed to lead us into a trap declared it was the light at Cape Maysi, and insisted that we run down the coast for thirty-

miles, where I had no doubt the Spaniards were waiting for us in forces, both afloat and ashore. The other pilot, as he was called, agreed with his partner as to our location.

I knew where we were, and I knew they were wrong. Aside from my reckoning, the light at Cape Maysi could be seen for eighteen miles, while the one at Baracoa was only an eight-mile light, so there could be no mistaking them. Vigorously the two pilots swore that we were headed for Cape Maysi; but I refused to change the course, as they demanded. When they saw that they could not influence me, the traitor undertook to convince General Nufes, who, as Chief of Expeditions, was in supreme authority on the ship, that I was betraying them, as they had often been betrayed before, and that if I was permitted to have my way they would soon find themselves in a snare from which there would be no escape.

I could not speak much Spanish; but I knew enough of it to understand the argument that was being made for my disaffection, and the situation was not a pleasant one. General Nufes knew nothing about me except what Hart had told him, and, as the Cubans had suffered so much from my friends that it had become an old story, it was natural to suppose, it seemed to me, that he would not more rapidly conclude in case one countryman than in a comparative stranger.

Still, the General appeared to have faith in me, and as for the best means of strengthening it, and at the time stopping the chatter and saving a lot of bother, I ordered the two alleged pilots off the bridge. The traitor first made me rapidly enough to suit my rather impatient frame of mind; so I placed two or three hard kicks where they would be of the greatest assistance to him, much to the astonishment of General Garcia and his party. General Nufes said not a word throughout this proceeding, which momentarily relieved the tension, but was all over and I had great respect for him from that moment.

Setting our course by the lighthouse, I went on for the landing place. Naturally, we were showing no lights. The engine room hatch was covered with tarpaulin, and there was a canvas cover over the mainmast light, with a small hole through which just enough of the compass to steer by could be seen. The Cubans are inveterate smokers, but I had told General Nufes there must be no smoking on the ship, under penalty of death, and he had given the order.

When we were within about five miles of the coast I made out a Spanish gunboat coming up from the eastward, hugging the shore. Probably she was on her way to the trap into which the renegade pilot had planned to lead us. Before anyone else saw the warship I swung round in a wide circle to let her go by, and then stood on into the light. The pilot, who was only a fool, lived close to where the cargo was to be landed, and when we got close ashore he saw his house at the foot of Anvil Hill.

"Oh, look!" he whispered excitedly. "There my home, there my home! Captain O'Brien was right! Captain O'Brien was right!" He appeared to think he had made a great discovery.

THE deep water at that point prevented an anchor-aging; but it also enabled us to stand in close to the shore. Ed Maysi, who was standing on the deck scouting around in search of hidden Spaniards, waved a lantern as a signal that the coast was clear. General Garcia and his staff, in the old warrior's eyes when he gripped my hand as he went over the side, and he probably would have hugged me, in the fashion of the country, if I hadn't backed away.

"You kept your word, Captain!" he said in a voice shaking with emotion. "The others had to me; but you didn't. We never will forget you. I hope you can continue in our cause for many years."

The General, too, kept his word. He frequently mentioned me in his official reports, saying many pleasant things about me to the mind of the countrymen, and up to the day of his death was one of my best friends.

Following the landing of the officers, we proceeded to get the rest of the Cubans and the guns and ammunition ashore as quickly as possible. It was about ten-thirty when this work was begun, and it was completed by three o'clock in the morning. The traitorous pilot got away in the first boatload of passengers, evidently in the hope of escaping; but word was brought back to me that he was literally cut to pieces by his companions a moment after he landed. He was afterwards found in his parlor, all over and prodded with machetes all the way to the door of his cabin.

Soon after General Garcia landed his little force was joined by a Spanish band, and we had come to meet him and assist in carrying the arms back into the

mountains. While our cargo was being landed five Spanish warships were lying just round the point in Baracoa Bay, not more than five miles away. The next morning their commanders learned what had happened, and desperate but futile efforts were made to capture Garcia. At about the same time that we made this landing the Commodore landed an expedition near Matanzas, and the Three Friends, under Napoleon Broward, put a navy one ashore on the south coast, near Santiago. The Cuban cause seemed to be losing us.

We steamed away as soon as the last boatload was clear of the ship, and by daylight were round Cape Mayai and on our way to Puerto Cortés, Honduras, where we were to procure a cargo of bananas. General Nufiez, who was in a hurry to get back to New York with the good news, left us there and went to New Orleans on the fast little steamer that carried the report of the drawing of the old Louisville lottery, which, perhaps, had been transferred to Honduras.

We stayed at Puerto Cortés no longer than was nec-

essary; for the Bermuda was a British ship, and there was a good chance that a warship flying that flag might drop in and make trouble for us, for it was some whispered about that we had landed a big expedition in Cuba. Soon after our departure this suspicion was verified to the satisfaction of the Honduras Government, and the old Scottish shipping agent through whom I had purchased the bananas was compelled to pay a fine amounting to five dollars for each member of the Bermuda's crew, for having done business with a filibuster. I had paid him enough for the fruit so that he could afford to stand this loss. He wrote Hart that, while he would be glad to sell him all the bananas he wanted, he hoped he would send no more filibustering ships down that way.

Before leaving New York I had urged that the ship return to that port instead of to Philadelphia, where Hart had his headquarters. I expected we should all be arrested, and had pointed out that there would be much less chance of convicting us in New York than in Philadelphia. In New York, with its large and influential Cuban colony, there was a great deal of public senti-

ment in favor of the revolution; while in Philadelphia they didn't even know there was a war on in Cuba, and the Federal Judge believed that all filibusters ought to be hanged. When we put in at the Delaware Breakwater for orders I was arrested. I first threatened to proceed to Philadelphia. As I had no desire to get tangled up in a lot of trouble that would be plainly seen and might possibly prevent further activity of the sort, I blew it. I contrived these orders to apply only to the ship. Thirty miles below Philadelphia the tug that had the vessel in tow put me ashore in New Jersey and I proceeded to my home near Newark.

As I had expected, the Bermuda's arrival at Philadelphia was quickly followed by the arrest of Hart and the application of a charge of violating the neutrality laws by conducting an armed, organized expedition against Spain, and the crew were held as witnesses. General Nufiez and I were included in the indictment; but as I went into retirement until now was brought to us that if we would submit to arrest our

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A REPORT ON A FEVERED BROW

BY SEYMOUR FORD

I AIN'T denyin' it, nor I ain't goin' to bray 'bout it to prove it either. Maybe I am the highest salaried office boy in the business, and then again—well, all I got to say is that when I ain't workin' I ain't wantin' em to give me the chuck. And I'd hand that to the whole board of directors as quick as I'd whisper it to you.

For if anyone thinks this is a rare cure job of mine, stirn their behind and be as good as dead. I'm a bossin' man, and I ain't wantin' no one to let me in and who to keep out, I'd like to see 'em turn the trick. Anyway, it calls for something you can't work out by any set of rules, or learn at a business college. And you can't go by your feelin's, either. Why, there's some I have to bar out that I'd like to slide through, and there's others I have to throw the switch for prompt and senilin' when if I had my way they'd get the sudden shock.

Take Mellich, now. Somehow, it always grated on me to have Piddie for my inside and pass him on into Mr. Ellins' private office, without so much as a word or a nod to me. Not that I got prochukey just for his own; you may find that out. It was something about the oily smirk this Mellich had a habit of puttin' on as he tipped by, as if he was kind of vertigin' me with the fact that it didn't matter what I thought about him.

Mellich! Say, I expect there's more less nice folks by that name, but the thought it ain't common, and I suppose if you knew 'em well the name wouldn't mean much of anything; but in this case—well, it was a real ink description, that's all. One of those meek, faded, sidlin', hand outstretchin' 'T' characters. Mellich was, with a sort of a hopeless, helpless drag to his shoulders, and a weepy soap to his eyelids and mouth corners, and a resigned patient air, as much as to say, "Well, here I am! What are you good for to me?" You could almost feel the weight of him on your shoulders the minute he stepped into the room.

Course, there was no mystery about why Mellich showed up at the Corrugated general offices about once every so often. Old Hickey, by way of a hand at writing up a long pension roll; but T. Courtney seems to have got his name down at the head of the list. Anyway, he never appeared to miss makin' a touch when he came after it.

A relic of better days, Mellich was. Six or eight years ago he'd been sort of confidential secretary to an uncle who was makin' quite a splash figurin' industrials down in Wall Street, but that uncle and his Uncle all to the bad, and when he went out of business Courtney was left stranded with a fairly complete wardrobe of custom made clothes, a college education, and a highly cultivated taste for the Newburg.

For a time he drifted from one broker's office to another, wherever friends could jam him in; but he didn't seem to fit very well anywhere. And that, though, they jam him up as boss, and those who didn't drop him entirely got into the habit of tossin' him a ten or so when they couldn't dodge him.

Well, couldn't you see Old Hickey's he in that class; but it turns out he was. And, as near as I could figure, Mellich never had any more claim on him than on any of the rest. They'd met a few times in Uncle's office before the grand old game, and that was all; but ever since I've been with all the Corrugated we've had the pleas-



He Pushes Through 'Em Like He Was Acquainted.

ure of a call from Courtney about once in three months, and he's always slipped out smilin' humble and grateful, with a chuck gripped tight in his right hand.

And, as I said, it was always Piddie who'd spot him, extend the welcome hand, and saugale him in prompt to within easy reachin' distance of Mr. Ellins. Treat Piddie! Even the nephew of an ex-partner was enough for him to get limber necked over. Besides, Courtney could do the mealy mouthed society gibble like a cotton leader; so Piddie knew he must be the real thing, and treated him accordin'.

HERE the other day, though, when T. Courtney sidled in through the door humble and expectant, Piddie happens to be laid up at home with a bad cold, and the only one to extend the fraternal mist was me. And, say, I just couldn't do it.

"Ah—er—I beg pardon," says Courtney, "but could I speak with Mr. Piddie?"

"Sure," says I, "if you want to blow a quarter against a Jersey call on the long distance. He's home."

"Oh—all?" observes Courtney, shiftn from one foot to the other. "Then perhaps you would be so kind as to present my card to Mr. Ellins?"

"Hanged if he don't shab a reg'lar coltin' card, too, with 'T. Courtney Mellich' engraved in old English. It's some pocket worn, and there's a few thumbprints on it; but it's a perfectly good card, for all that."

"Saves it," says I, handin' it back. "You may need it next time. I'll tell him you're here."

"Ah, thank you—thank you very much!" murmurs

Courtney, buckin' over to the settee and slummin' down

justin' with a newspaper wrapped bare on his knees. And there was nothin' left for me to do but trot in with the announcement. I finds Old Hickey with his back piked full of noon meat and two stenographers busy takin' dictation; but, as Piddie always rates Courtney as preferred business, I follows suit.

"That Mellich duck's out there," says I.

"Eh?" says Mr. Ellins, shootin' a glazin' glance at 'em from under the heavy eyebrows. "What Mellich duck?"

"The travelin' collection box," says I. "T. Courtney, 'Old Hickey' says he—'You mean Mr. Mellich do you mean?"

"If you're partic'lar," says I, "I know it. Mister."

"Hah!" grins Old Hickey, and I maw by that imitation smirk of his I'd get in bad at the jump. "Well, see that you do make it Mister hereafter. And to help you remember, young man, I will tell you that Mr. Mellich once held quite a responsible position, which he lost through no fault of his own."

"Yes, I've heard that from Piddie," says I.

"Have you?" says he. "Then perhaps you will allow me to add that I consider Mr. Mellich a thoroughly deserving as well as a most singularly unfortunate person."

"Yes, Sir," says I. "Maybe I'd best rush him right in, then?"

And I don't know whether it was seen 'Old Hickey' got up on his ear so sudden, or the shocked way the two lady typists was gawpen at me, but I couldn't help grinnin' at 'em. Mr. Ellins don't miss the byplay, either.

"It appears," he goes on sarcastic, "that you find something amusin' in this affair."

"Guess?" says I. "Why, it ain't any of my fun'n'l. I mean."

"Out with it, now!" breaks in Old Hickey. "What's funny about Mellich—or me?"

And there's no sayin' no sidestep when he comes at you that way. My role is to give it to him straight. "Why," says I, "from the side lines it looks like a case of a smooth grater meetin' an easy mark."

The typewriter ladies gasped, and I looked for nothin' less than a boiler explosion myself; but you never can tell about Old Hickey. He blows out a cylinder bend when you least expect it, and then, when you're bracin' yourself for a reg'lar Vesuvius act, he lets 'em cool as a cake of ice. This was one of his frapped times.

"Includin'!" says he, reachin' into a pigeonhole and pullin' out a letter. "Then we will just give you an object lesson, my son, on the folly of unfounded prejudices. Here is a recent letter from Mr. Mellich which states his case fully. While you are waiting outside, read it."

See, there's no rubber stamp to Old Hickey, is there? He's equal to makin' out a new program for every move on the board, he jeds! If he wants to roost you—why, before you know it, you're done to a crisp; and, if he don't—well, he hands you his private correspondence to read.

IT was an odd frame-up, though.—Courtney roostin' placid on one side of the rail, and me on the other grin' over the evidence. And I must say that for a touch episode the exhibit A was a work of art. It's a written neat and careful in a round, flourishy hand, with reg'lar rosettes at the bottoms of the upper case I's, and all the final G's and Y's finished off with shaded dashes below the line. Yes, and the word paintin' was some flowy, too.

"ESTEMED AND RESPECTED SIR," it starts out; "Once more I venture to address you on the matter of my ill starred case. I have a work of art. It's a present, my very soul racked by remorse and pity for the wretched loved ones who so patiently share the unkind Fate that seems so remorseless to me; and, if I can, I'm forcin' mangled fingers to plead that cause in my own poor way."

There was more of this preliminary stuff; but it was when Courtney so details that he began to spread the local color on thick. Most of one page was all about little Mister Ellins Mellich; so I looked

"Fiddle" may be all right as an investigator, too; but—

"Well, what then?" snaps Old Hickory.
 "Nothing much," says I, "only musician's must be mighty cheap on the East Side these days."
 "Manufacturing? What has that to do with this case?" he demands.

I explains that, and one or two other points, which sets Old Hickory to puffin' hard on his cigar.
 "Humph!" he snorts, after a minute or two. "Storm rubbers and polished fingernails! So that proves Mr. Fiddle's a fool, does it? And I'm a doddering old idiot, eh?"

"I ain't rubbin' it in," says I. "I was only puffin' it up to you the way I saw it."
 "Oh, really?" says he, drawin' his cigar vicious. "Well, it occurs to me, young man, that you see altogether too much that ain't so. There's such a thing, you know, as being too thunderin' smart. This is a sample."

"Just as you say, Sir," says I, "flashin' up and blinin' my lip."
 "No, it ain't merely because I say it," he comes back. "It's facts talk. That's all I go by,—plain, simple facts,—while you, you come in here with—"

"Say, I've had a hot chance to produce any facts, 'sides 'em?" says I.
 "Eh?" says he, whirin' around. "Why—why—there is something in that. Yes, and, by the seven afterin' sisters! you shall have your chance of course. I'm not anxious to discover that I've been played for a sucker; but if it's so I ought to know it. What do you suggest?"

"I ain't got anything special in mind," says I; "but I could have a horse on the trail if I might dig up something, one way or another."
 "Done!" says Old Hickory. "Here, hand Mellich this twenty as you go out, till I manage to have in a good doctor, and that he'll report to me tomorrow for more funds."

"And do I get some time off for alumin'?" says I.
 "The rest of the afternoon, if you like," says he. "Only no more dime novel deductions. Stick to facts." "I'll stick to Mellich," says I.

IT wa'n't any easy job, though. For all his meek ways and droopy eyelids, T. Courtney was no dope. I had to jump down four flights and grab an express elevator while he was waitin' for a local, and at that I only hit the main floor just in time to see him disappear through the swing doors on the Broadway side. I didn't even dare board the same downmost surface car, for he's standin' on the back platform; but I gets the one next behind, and as they was rammin' on close schedule I was near enough to see him drop off with a green transfer slip in his hand. There was a crush on the cross-town trolley; so I took the change and made it on a sprint, and when Courtney gets out at Grand and Allen-st., I was only three feet behind him.

In a few minutes more, and I knew the Allen-st. tenement wa'n't any wild fiction. It's all Courtney had described, with a garbaje can decoratin' either side of the doorway, and a gang of dirty kids playin' on the steps. He pushes through 'em like he was acquainted, too.

And, say, as I hangs up across the way and looks over, maybe you can imagine the foolish feller's that hits me about them. It got worse than that as I thought of the youngster with the fever, back in some dark room there; and Mrs. Mellich, waitin' anxious for Courtney to come back from where I'd been doin' my best to queer him. Honest, I was waitin' up best owin I had 'em, and figurin' whether it would be worth it to aginist a good sirlin' roost and fixin' on my own hook, or put it in an envelope and send it in by one of the kids, when—well, out comes Mellich himself.

That is, it was a party of his general build and complexion. The hoodlum was gone, though, and he had his chin up, and he was swingin' a dinky one sunny. Also he'd made a quick shift of costume, swapped the back number derby for an English cloth hat, and made the swell slip-on topcoat, and he even had on another collar and tie.

No, he didn't seem to be rushin' out for a doctor; for he steps on the sidewalk long enough to light a cigarette before he starts swingin' back to Grand-st.

WAS I quitfin' at that? Not me! Old Hickory had told me facts, and I was out collectin' 'em all there was. From then on gettin' 'em was a cinch, too; so there ain't any use goin' into details about how I does the faithful and sure act and bein' fitly dodged through the front door of one of them part but moderately expensive joints up in the 30's where they have furnished suites for bachelor folk.

It wa'n't so exciting a trip chasin' 'em back alone to Allen-st.; but I wanted to be dead sure. Besides, that gave Courtney time to get well settled where I'd left him. So an hour or so later, when I did push past the hallway at the back, roost, and findin' an 'air been shown up to Mr. Mellich at once, I was all primed.

"Come in," sings out Courtney real cheerful as I jobs the button.

"Why should I be cheery?" Here he is, all dolled up in one of them long, quilted silk loungin' robes, his feet in a pair of red Romeo slippers, and him stretched out lay in a big leather chair, one of the latest and mightiest thrillers open in his lap, and the cigarettes handy as his elbow.

"Geel!" says I, glancin' around. "This is what I calls real cozy."

And T. Courtney, he never bats an eyelash. Maybe he did lose a little color as it dawned on him who the butt-in is; but there's nothing like any panic motions.

"Ah!" says he. "My sunny-haired young friend from the Corrugated."

"You're a great describer, Mellich," says I. "Friend is good."

"Oh, I trust that will follow, at least," says he, reachin' out for the dope sticks and pushin' 'em over. "You'll not smoke? Perfectly right, my son, perfectly right. And I presume you're lookin' for me?"

"Thomas. So am I. You see, I've made myself quite at home. These are his quarters, you know."

"Can it, Courtney!" says I. "It's a good bluff to bluff up so quick; but it won't stand a call. Uncle Thomas is occupyin' permanent quarters out at Greenwood. I've been down to Allen-st., too."

"Oh, indeed?" says Mellich.

"Uh-hah," says I, "lookin' for little Master Elliott, of the restless eye and fevered brow, also for true hearted Dom, and little Virginia, and 'Baby Ralph—bless him."

"Well?" says Courtney, flickin' his cigarette carolous.

"It's a swell plant, Courtney," says I, "and I expect with any kind of notice you could produce the whole picture; and, as I found, was an unfurnished room with your business costume draped on a chair. And little Abie Zinsheimer tells me he does the feverish check-business at fifty cents a throw. Must be a regular Balaban touch, that ain't the little white coat?"

"What of it?" remarks Courtney. "One must live."

"Oh, sure!" says I. "But you can't waste all that some fine stuff on Fiddle and Mr. Ellins, though. Get quite a list of come-ons, ain't you?"

"Possibly," says he; "but none who cannot well afford the luxury of such a troubled conscience with the blessed balm of private equity. But come! if you have an offer waitin' outside with a warrant, we might as well have him in."

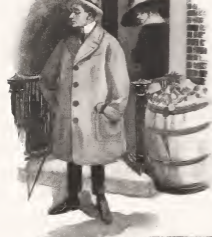
"Who, me?" says I. "Forget it, Courtney. I ain't havin' anyone pinched; anyway, not such a star performer as you. All I've doin' is gettin' statistics for a confidential report to back a long shot of mine."

"In that case," says Courtney, jumpin' up and openin' the door polis, "pray present my compliments to Mr. Ellins, and express my deep regret that he has ceased to be a godfather."

AND he did it without even tellin' loose a grin.

"Well, I'd be eternally gun awineed!" gasps Old Hickory. "And I had been swallowin' the whole tale, too—yes, and puttin' my bet for every dollar! Hen-of-mom! Young man, I'm goin' to raise your salary agin."

"If that's a threat," says I, "I don't care how good a memory you got, Mr. Ellins. I only don't make the envelope as that I'll feel like I had to do stunts like this every day. Next time I might get the wrong dope."



Head Made a Quick Shift of Costume.

like he'd named one of the kids after Old Hickory. Accordin' to description, Master Ellins was bad off.

"A fever, brought on by lack of nourishment and a heavy cold on the chest," goes the letter, "is the probable cause of his pitiable condition. At least, we hope it is no worse. But it bears my hearty regards, esteemed friend, when I sit by his little white cot, watchin' the meannin' flash deepen in his thin cheeks, see his big, restless eyes turn appallin'ly on me, and feel his frail, but fingers clasped mine. Poor little lad! I have told him just now that I would hesitate no longer, that I would pocket my pride and write at once to his kind and generous godfather."

He also mentions his "true hearted and long suffering Dom, my angel wif," also "little Virginia," and "Baby Ralph—bless him!" You could even see some of the scenery as plain as if you was on the spot,—the dinky windows, the rusty stove with only a handful of fire in it, and the half loaf of dry bread on the table. And, honest, it had me gulin'! You can see all you want to about the agency work some of these magazine writers throw into Christmas stories and such; but, say, I've seen some hard luck cases myself that couldn't be exaggerated.

So maybe I was swallowin' a little difficut as I folds the letter and starts startin' out at Mellich. He saw looked the part to the life too, in that rusty black cut-away with most of the buttons missin', and the collar with the fringe effect on the wings, and the frazzled tie, and the patent leather shoes cracked across the instep, and—

But about then I stopped gulin' down lumps of sympathy. It had snowed most of the forenoon, and the sidewalks was a couple of inches deep with slush; but the soles of T. Courtney's old patent leathers was as dry as a bone. He'd come all the way from his squallid tenement in a taxi, then? Either that, or else there was a perfectly good pair of storm rubbers done up in that newspaper parcel on his knee. Sure enough, startin' with that clue, I could make 'em out where one end and I wa'n't wrappin' caudlin!

And it was while I was squintin' at the bundle I notices Courtney's fingernails. Don't take any trained sleuth, either, to tell the diff'rence between a home parin' job done with a pair of shears, and that artistic painted effect with the glossy finish that the manicure parlor put on. Why, all the half-moons was showin' and some of the fingertips was still pink from the lusterin' that'd been used lavish. And, while there's a two days' growth of beard on Courtney's chin, you could see by the sharp line his hair has in front of his ears that he's been in a barber's chair inside of a week, anyway.

"Huh!" thinks I. "This looks like—"
 BUT just then the butter goes off and I hops up to go on the carpet again. Old Hickory has showed out the typists, lit a fresh cigar, and is tilted back easy and restful.

"Well?" says he.
 "A winner," says I, handin' over the letter, "especially that part about little Master Ellins."

"Yes, yes," says he, wavin' one hand fretful. "Named the boy after the non-blasted impudence, as I told him when I read about it! But, there, there! I can't see such people starve before my very eyes, can I?"
 "Been and looked 'em over yourself, then?" says I.
 "Why, it amounts to the same thing," says he. "I sent Mr. Fiddle, and he made a thorough investigation."

"Oh, Fiddle did, did he?" says I.

"Certainly," says Mr. Ellins. "He went to the place, somewhere on Allen-st. I think."

"Yes, that's the address given in the letter," says I.

TAGOBERT'S CHILDREN

VI. DAGOBERT'S REVENGE

By L. J. BEESTON

BORDENAVE, schoolmaster of Marthe in Alsace, kept away from the inn of the Arc-en-Ciel in the darkness. In his heart was a great hope and a great anguish. At one moment he thought of the *laissez-passer* thrust into his ragged blouse,—the permit through the German lines that was to get him to his wife and his two children. And the next moment he remembered that he had betrayed his chief, and that he had sold Metz.

"What—? I have sold Metz?" he cried, stopping in the roadway and pinching himself to make sure that he was not dreaming.

It was not dreaming that he had been impugned upon by that Prussian officer who had fooled even Count Roual Dagobert; that he had given liberty to the captive whom he believed to be William of Prussia; and that, in exchange for this liberty he had been handed a *laissez-passer* through the enemy's armies. And Dagobert, deceived by that astonishing likeness to a King, had held his supposed illustrious prisoner as hostage for the fate of Metz itself.

Only when he was alone did the hideous enormity of his treachery begin to press upon him. It was black as the night over him, heavy as the frowning of darkness. Realization gripped him with strangling fingers.

"I have done this thing—no! The price of William's life was Metz, yonder, with two hundred thousand Frenchmen inside its fortifications. And now the city may fall. Great God! The blood of all those Frenchmen is already upon my soul! I have made thousands of widows because I wanted to see my wife! I have made thousands of orphans because I wanted my own children! No, no, it is impossible! I am dreaming, or else I am mad—mad—mad!"

During the next twenty-four hours no one ever knew what became of the schoolmaster of Marthe; and he himself was never able to speak about it. Presumably, overwhelmed by growing horror, his reason forsook him, and he rushed onward, a terrible object, over the roads between Metz and Gravelotte, the highways trampled into rutted mire when the retreating French armies were forced back from the last named place into the domain of Metz. A man, Bordenave, had seen the wreckage of ammunition wagons, battery caissons, feasting horses, dead men whose vivid faces stared at a vivid sky, just how long his agony lasted he could not say; but he woke from his dream as if from an eternal nightmare and found himself on a bed.

A sensation of utter weakness made itself felt before terroring surged through Bordenave's veins. He felt that he had been in a battle, and that he had been of iron. He caught a glimpse of an open door, and beyond a few straggling dandelions growing out of waste ground. And, as he looked into the open door, he saw a large, coarse arms, and she brought an odor of damp straw. Instantly she observed the wild, staring eyes of the iron-trooper fixed upon her.

AH, mon brave, so you have come back?" said the girl, folding her arms and surveying the haggard face of this goodnatured smile, and the eyes of iron.

"Where have I been?" whispered Bordenave.

"In the clouds, my brave fellow."

"Have been ill?"

"How best! Just listen! Of course you are perfectly well now? You will get straight up and kill the King of Prussia—and save Metz—and rescue Bazaine? *Hé! hé!* you did great things in your fever, I can tell you."

"How did I get here?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "We found you outside one evening, my mother and I. That was a week ago, and—"

"A week?" gasped Bordenave.

"We could not have kept you; but since Metz capitulated to the Germans you are all alone. I suppose they are all outside Paris. God grant that in there is no other Marshal Bazaine—that three accursed traitors!"

"Ah!" groaned the schoolmaster. "The city fell? It is that?"

"There were a hundred and eighty thousand Frenchmen and six hundred guns, and they are lost to France." The eyes of the peasant girl flashed fire. "For a moment they were transfixed."

"I want to get up!" cried Bordenave in a heartbroken voice.

"Try."

He made the attempt, and sank back as if lifeless. The girl half smiled and went out.

For seven more days the schoolmaster of Marthe tramped a thousand miles on his hard bed and cursed the day of his birth. He believed that remorse would kill him; but he found himself gaining strength. Then a fixed idea took possession of him.

He would take the first opportunity of getting back by the enemy. He would that much to his country and to his God.

At twilight on the eighth day he dressed himself in his best garments which he found in a heap in a corner, and, fearing that an open leaverting would not be allowed him, left the farm secretly.



He Felt a Crushing Weight Lifting from His Heart.

down on the maps of the German Intelligence Department as Garlsruhe.

It was such a miserable little hamlet that no General of the French army would ever have found it on his maps; but if the Prussians had paid less attention to minutiae of this kind, and the French rather more, the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine might not have changed masters.

Yes, it is fate, sure enough; but you do not play badly, my dear Fritz. Try again."

The officer who spoke began to rearrange the pieces, which he had found in a writing desk that had belonged to the curé of the place, who had owned the three roomed house. But the curé and his flock had taken the alarm and vanished.

The player addressed smiled wearily. He detested chess, and played execrably; but, then, the encounter was with his superior officer, which made a difference. He was a slight wisp of a youngster, with a silken mustache; while his opponent was a giant, with florid cheeks and a brown beard.

A third Prussian stood before the window, and drummed impatiently upon the checked pane. He called out, "What the fiend! How this place can be of the least importance is more than I can understand. Three of us, with thirty troopers, waiting our time when all the fun is rolling toward Paris!"

He received no answer, and continued to stare gloomily into the night. He could just see a sentry standing like a statue at the country approach. Upon the road was a slight sprinkling of frost; it was the first touch of the terrible winter.

He turned fretfully. The chess players had entered upon another battle. He looked at the game with a bored air, and then took a long, black cigar from a paper of them on the floor. Even this roused his discontent.

"These filthy things! Two sou each. They say there has been no customs service on the Belgian frontier since Sedan, and I can well believe it! *Himmel!* the French have plotted with the Belgians to flood the country with these cigars in order to poison us. Receiving no attention, he tried to compel a response. "When are we going to get our marching orders, Graf?"

"When we have settled with Chanzy," growled the bearded giant. "The fool is playing at trying to cut our communications on the Loire. That is why we are here, I take it. The place is a one-horse affair, true; but if Chanzy could take it he would certainly snap a link in our chain. Be quiet! You will make me lose."

"I wish he would try to take it! *Bismarck!* that would make my change. He hung himself face upward on a springless horsehair sofa and puffed smoke to the grimy ceiling. "But no such luck. It is true that Gambetta, the Jew, has been made Minister of National Defense,

"And escaped from Paris in a balloon," added the boy with the silken mustache.

"Bah! What lies get about!" growled his opponent. "Your opening in this game, Fritz, was worse than your last. I shall make you in six moves. Six months since I had a really good game at chess. I wish—"

WER DA! The shrill yell of the sentry came into the room. It was answered by a shout almost as loud, followed by sounds of a scuffle. The Prussian on the sofa took a leap to the door and rushed out. He returned in a few seconds.

"A prisoner," said he curtly.

"Bring him in," ordered the German Graf. A man with a deathly, livid face, whose knees shook under him, was brought into the room by two troopers. The flesh of his chest showed beneath his ragged gray blouse. He fixed his despairing eyeballs upon the Commandant.

"Who are you?"

"Cornille Bordenave. I was a schoolmaster. I am a franc-tireur."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Isn't that enough?"

The bearded giant raised his eyebrows. This insolence in the face of death was admirable.

"You were spying?"

"I was not spying!"

"Take him out and shoot him!"

"Thanks, Monsieur!" The speaker dropped German for French.

The troopers seized his arms. An expression of extraordinary contentment leaped into the captive's wild eyes. The officers exchanged glances.

"Wait!" cried the Commandant. "Look here—you have no right to shoot him!"

"Bordenave passed his hands down his shivering figure. "Oh, yes, life is a supremely delightful thing!" said he.

The boy with the silken mustache shuddered at that frightful tone and all that it conveyed.

The Commandant looked long at the shivering captive and Heaven knows what was passing through his thoughts! But his face was quite immobile as he said at last, "Yes, shoot him; but search him first."

"For Bismarck's most secret plan," scoffed the third officer.

"A paper, Commandant," said one of the troopers, drawing it from the prisoner's blouse.

The officer ran his eye over it, and a low whistle of surprise broke from his lips. His eyebrows ventured to rise over his shoulder, and their eyes opened wide and wider.

"By jove!" cried one in English.

"God is *Himmel!* it must be the man!" whispered the other.

It was the *laissez-passer* given to the schoolmaster by the supposed King of Prussia, in exchange for his liberty, and for which Bordenave had sold his soul.

The Commandant tapped it with the knuckle of his right forefinger, looking at the captive with a smile peering his bearded lips.

"You know what this is?" he cried not harshly.

"It is a permit signed by the Emperor, a safe conduct for you through our lines."

Bordenave refused to answer, cursing himself for having forgotten to destroy it.

The German took it to fragments with a keener air. Bordenave breathed again. So he was to die, after all!

"Do you understand the jest that was played upon you?" went on the other.

"I see that you do not. I will explain. The story spread. You believed that you held prisoner his Majesty the Emperor, and you let him go in exchange for your papers. He is the same man as the Emperor, who resembles him strangely. It was a joke, you understand. Your Count Dagobert was nicely fooled. The paper is not worth the rags that cover you, my friend."

Bordenave began to mutter incoherent cries. "A joke!" he echoed huskily. "I did not betray my master, then?"

"He bewildered him failed at first to understand all of him; but as his full morning became clear he felt a crushing weight lifted from his chest. A stream of blood rushed into his face. His eyes flashed with a strong light. He was transformed.

"A joke!" he repeated. "The Commandant?" he shouted.

"You are in earnest? *Parbleu!* you must be, or you would have had destroyed that paper! Now Christ and His angels be thanked! God above, Thos art merciful to me!"

Bordenave fell upon his knees. He covered his face with his thin fingers. Racking sobs tore his body.

The boy with the mustache was attacked with a violence never known before. He was so overcome as to be unable as ever. The third officer sneered. He said: "All the same, these tears wouldn't save his neck; if his Count gets hold of the Commandant's face will this Roual Dagobert and his children. This one betrayed him by releasing the prisoner. Send him back, my Commandant. Dagobert will burn him alive, at the least."

The big German patted at his beard thoughtfully. He fixed his round eyes on the prisoner and said nothing. And no one could possibly have guessed what he was

thinking about. He never revealed his thoughts save when he spoke, and even then he was not always to be taken seriously.

A dramatic silence ensued. Bordenave rapidly regained control of himself. He rose to his feet. An astonishing change had come over him; the transformation of one who is publicly declared innocent of a horrible crime. So, after all, the fate of those hundred and eighty thousand Frenchmen, and those six hundred pieces of artillery, was not upon his shoulders! He had set free, not the King of Prussia, but some joker! He had not drawn upon his soul the deep curse of his unhappy France! Guilty in intent, true; but a merciful Providence had saved him from the actual treachery too trifling to contemplate.

Suddenly he thought of Dagobert, and he shuddered. What a feat had been played upon him, the transformation of one who is publicly declared innocent of a horrible crime. He saw, in a vivid mental picture, Dagobert's pallid face, the blaze of his eyes, the gleam of his teeth. Carried away by this thought, he muttered audibly:

"*Mon Dieu!* to what a revenge he will help himself!"

"Silence, you bony cur!" cried the smearer.

The orator brought Bordenave back to the situation. Dagobert's revenge? Alas! it would be glorious, it would be terrible; but he, Cornelle Bordenave, would not live to see it. The others would be there,—Lepoivre the Zouave, Poncharid the *maître d'armes*, Jolibois, Remilly,—all the children that remained to the Captain, who were faithful to him, who had not betrayed him in that distant Jurdan valley. And when Bordenave recalled them, his heart sank deeper and deeper, and he groined aloud. Two minutes ago he had smiled affectionately at death; now he longed to live with all his soul. God! what would he not give to be out of this hornet's nest into which he had purposely wandered?

THE Commandant at last broke the silence, showing by his words that if his own face never exhibited his emotions, yet he could read the faces of others. He dismissed the troopers; then he said:

"I do not imagine that you are quite so ready to die!" He stroked his beard still, watching the prisoner steadily. Bordenave shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you play chess?"

Bordenave's eyes opened very wide. He stared from the speaker to the chessboard on the table.

"If. Why—yes," he answered.

"And well?"

"I teach it to my pupils. Yes, I have been called a good player," he replied, much astonished, but speaking without hesitation.

"Good! I will tell you what I will do. I ought to have you shot at once; but because you were hoaxed, and because I want a really good game, I will make you a simple offer. We shall play together three times. If you win two of those games, you will be at liberty to depart. I pledge you my word. On the other hand, if I win two—You understand me?"

"I die, *Monseigneur le Commandant!*"

"I pledge you my word that you shall. Frits, arrange the pieces."

"Ah, ah!" murmured the *franc-tireur*. "My star is

rising higher and higher. I have regained my innocence; and now I am going to win my life. Do I play? *Fordieu!* he does not know that I have not been beaten once during the last three years!"

With eager hands Frits placed the chessmen in position; and his fellow watcher cringed a like instant. The excitement of the unusual contest was just what the latter needed to dissipate his boredom. As for Frits, he had taken a liking, almost, to the emotional Bordenave, whom he pitied. Not yet had the campaign turned his heart to stone; and he found himself praying that this woebegone, haggard prisoner might get out of the net.

The Commandant glanced up at his companions. He said, "This is irregular, Gentlemen; but, friends take it a little amusement will cheer us. If you are going to open your eyes now, you must close your lips—afterward."

They bowed assent. The first game began the next moment.

Both players opened in the style regular, moving their king's pawn to king's fourth square. For five minutes progress on both sides was small. Bordenave yawned. He had intended to act toward his opponent as a cat to a mouse; but, abandoning that idea for an attack as brilliant as it was unconventional, he forced the game. But to his amusement he was not long in making the discovery that he had met an adversary worthy of his steel. Too late he regretted the dazzling and unusual opening intended for a display of his prowess.

"Mate in three moves, I believe?" granted the Herr Commandant.

The *franc-tireur* began to rearrange the pieces. "I congratulate you, *Monseigneur*," said he politely.

The Prussian took a light from the package, and the boy brought him a cigar. He had thoroughly enjoyed the game, and was perfectly well satisfied with himself.

Play was resumed. Bordenave had learned his lesson. He adopted a waiting game, what is called the French defense, watching his opponent's line of play with the utmost caution. He perceived the stealthily veiled attack, and parried it in time. It was frustrated, altogether again; and after half an hour's play the German surrendered.

The boy officer drew a deep breath.

"*Böfteen!* it is a string game to one who doesn't understand it," he complained the second watcher, and again he flung himself upon the horsehair sofa.

THE third and final contest began. Both men were in deadly earnest. The Prussian sat with his long legs doubled under his chair, and his elbows on the table, his cigar stuck out from a corner of his beseeching mouth. His black, fathead eyes glowed as he bent over the board. He had a perfect mania for his favorite game, and he felt that never more would he know such a contest as this one taking place under his nose.

For awhile neither seemed to gain an advantage. The schoolmaster of Marthe, aware that timidity would probably be fatal, at length began to press. He captured a couple of pawns, and then king's bishop. Suddenly he saw his queen's castle being removed; and the next instant he perceived that he had fallen into a

trap. Was it too late to get out of this hole? Obviously he must abandon the offensive.

"*Bibi!* I have been in uglier positions," he told himself. All the same, a trickle of sweat ran down his forehead.

The officer on the sofa got up, yawning, and cast a cursory glance at the board; then he noticed the set, pained expression on the face of the boy, and burst into a laugh.

Bordenave thought that this laugh was directed toward him. The cold dew thickened upon his forehead, and his heart began to labor heavily. Ah! if he were but playing in normal circumstances he would show this silent adversary what chess was! But he was weak through hunger; his nerves were slack through illness; and the issue of the game was too great. It lay upon him as a nightmare.

"Check!" granted his opponent.

Bordenave moved his queen's pawn. Disaster was not yet, at any rate.

They went on for ten more minutes. "Check!" exclaimed the Commandant again.

Bordenave fought him off.

"Check!" once more came the ominous warning.

"*Diablo!* this will be my last game on earth," thought the *franc-tireur*. "He will beat me, and then he will keep his word and have me shot."

Which was precisely what the Herr Commandant intended.

"There are seven moves between me and death," meditated Bordenave. He looked up, and his eyes

fell upon the expression of a worried horse upon whom wolves are closing, met those of the boy officer. There was genuine sympathy in the responding glance.

"The door is behind him," reflected the Frenchman.

"He may not be in a hurry to stop me if I make a rush for it. A rush? *Toussers!* they would have me before I could cover ten yards."

He hastened calmly by a wild move. The Prussian lifted his thick brows in mild astonishment. His finger and thumb were in the act of making the final move, when they became rigid, holding his king's bishop suspended above the board.

THE sound of a horse's hoofs rang out on the frost

hardened highway. High and furious sounded this galloping of someone who rode like the wind. The sentry's challenge was answered by the shout of a voice that cried something in German, and suddenly there came a beating of a sword handle upon the door, followed immediately by the entry of a tall, lean man, with a high, thin bridged nose and a long, gray mustache. He had upon his head a cap with scarlet plumes; and there were silver epaulets upon his shoulders. His spatted heels clanked as he strode into the room and saluted.

"Captain Stoden!" he demanded in a harsh, grating tone.

The Commandant, controlling a scowl, rose from the table.

He returned the salute and took the despatch the messenger handed to him, tearing it open viciously.

His companions watched him. But Cornelle Bor-

dered on page 15



"There Are Seven Moves Between Me and Death," Meditated Bordenave.



It Seemed That My Heart Had Stopped Beating.

if at the end of my long search I had at last found you, my husband, and you are Henry after all?"

"Yes. Tomorrow morning we will telephone all over the island, if need be, till we find a minister to marry us, and a priest too if you wish, Darling. The more they marry us, the better! Then off in the auto—our auto, you remember it?—for New York. Then, on the first steamer that has places vacant for us, we sail for France. You'll like that, my little love?"

"Oh! Oh!" I could only gasp. He was too good, and I was too happy!

"Then that's settled. I'll tell Adams immediately to get New York tomorrow morning, the very instant that the agency opens, to engage our suite. And in New York you can buy whatever you need for your trip. For you keep nothing, that's understood, that that woman gave you!"

"And Mrs. Cobb?" I began to tremble: the mere syllables of her name seemed like dreadful teeth, gnawing and crushing the flowers of my dream. "Oh, Henry! I'm so afraid! Perhaps, after all, she won't let you—"

"She won't be asked!" He towered up, strong and splendid enough to conquer a whole regiment of Mrs. Cobbs and Victors too. Oh, how I admired him, how I loved him, how I wanted him! And he was mine—mine! "Listen!" he said. "You'll go to bed immediately, please. I'll ask my mother to tell the people you have a bad headache and had to retire. Meanwhile I'll pass in-vite Mrs. Cobb into my private study and explain to her how she stands."

"Ah!" I looked at him, speechless as so much bravery. How differently he spoke from Victor, an hour ago! He smiled at me.

"To get you, my beauty, my love, I'd fight Apollon himself, so, with the law on my side, I think I can man-

age poor Mrs. Cobb. Of course, I'll explain to her that every penny she has spent on you shall be refunded, down to these cursed wedding cards and the wedding cake itself, if she has ordered it. The wedding cake!—Excuse me, sweetheart, but I think I'm a little bit off my head tonight!"

He stood staring at me with a kind of dazed look in his eyes, and I could see that nothing was farther from his idea, after all, than saying goodnight and letting me go. But the hour was growing late, our absence would be remarked, Mrs. Cobb would be coming for me to go home—

"Henry," I implored him, "please get it over with! Go and find her at once!"

"I'm going, Dearest. So you authorize me to speak to her as your lawyer, of course? For, naturally, we say nothing of our marriage tonight. No, that comes to her as a glad surprise!"

"As you like, dear Henry. You know so much better than I. Look how I have bungled my affairs all by myself, and have to leave you to get me out! But at once, please!"

"Very well, Sweetheart. Look! Here's a door that you can go upstairs by, without passing all that crowd. I say, Fanny Carroll's a corker, isn't she? It's she that kept the crowd away and given us this chance to talk. My precious one, my adored one! For the last time that we shall have to say it to each other, goodnight!"

HE kissed me, opened the door, and I fled upstairs. The blood was pounding in my ears, my head seemed floating off in a kind of dim mist. Poor old Genevieve, who had made up all the baggage and was sitting there among the valises waiting to be off, was amazed at my sudden appearance with the order to put me to bed where I had slept for the last two nights.

"I find myself a little unwell, Genevieve. We have decided that, after all, it's better that I sleep here tonight and leave in the morning."

"Fee, Genevieve, even though she's a dear old thing, was not a person to be taken into my confidence. No, our beautiful plans should remain a secret between my well-beloved and me, for a few sweet hours yet."

"Give me a peignoir, Genevieve, and take down my hair."

Ten minutes later, as I was lying on the sofa, and Genevieve was bathing my forehead with Lily of the Valley water, I heard a light tap at my door. Was it Mrs. Stuart? Or was it Mrs. Cobb, forcing herself past Henry's explanations, coming to demand me with all her natural violence? But—oh, I was not her stupid boy Victor, to be bullied as she chose! I had Henry on my side, I had the law on my side, and I was not afraid to stand up for my rights!

Meanwhile, Genevieve was opening the door, and to my surprise not one form but two sailed in, one in blue, the other in pale gray. But above their immaculate dinner toilets Mrs. Stuart's face glowed a disfiguring crimson, Mrs. Cobb's showed an odd and livid white. Suddenly my heart, swelled with joy and courage so immeasurable, shrank as it seemed to the size of a pin-point. I heard Mrs. Cobb speaking, in a voice whose sweetness contrasted oddly with her drawn and excited look.

"Mrs. Stuart, I thank you more than I can tell for your kindness toward this dear child, even for that excess of goodness which lessens the effect of her seeing me; but I can assure you, your fears are groundless. Lily, my dear little daughter, how are you feeling now?"

With the most affectionate air in the world, she came and knelt down by my sofa; but the face she bent over me was so terrible that I closed my eyes.

"Better," I murmured, "quite well now."

"My poor darling! All this excitement, this fatigue, has been too much for her. Mrs. Stuart, I think perhaps you were right, and the strain of seeing more than one person at a time may be too much for her. This poor little girl of mine! Yes, I think, Mrs. Stuart, that you were certainly right."

At this turning against her of her own gait, I could see Mrs. Stuart (dash and bristle); but what could a creature gentle and sweet as she do against an emboldened force like the woman who knelt over me? "Oh, stay! stay!" I wanted to cry out loud. But Mrs. Cobb's eyes were on me, through my closed lids I felt them, and I dared not speak.

"Very well then, for five minutes," I heard Mrs. Stuart say in an irresolute tone. The next minute I heard the door close softly.

GENEVIÈVE, are Mademoiselle's trunks ready?"

The manner of this question, this contemplation passing over of me and my possible whims, roused my spirit. Throwing off my old marcel's hand and the perfume soaked cloth, I sat bolt upright with wide open eyes.

"No, dear Mrs. Cobb, I have decided not to go home tonight, after all. You see, Mrs. Stuart has been so kind as to—"

"Genevieve, you may leave the room!"

"Though Mrs. Cobb's French movement might leave some room for doubt, her gesture could not. The next moment we were alone. And Mrs. Cobb, having with cautious motions opened all the doors and peered without, came back to the sofa again. As for me, I remembered the toolhouse in the garden and braced myself to fight for my rights. This indomitable woman should see at last that she had not her match!

But when she spoke it was in a quiet, suppressed sort of voice.

"Lily, I can see that you're expecting me to make a scene—just as Mrs. Stuart expected when an instant ago, with rather misplaced officiousness, she tried to prevent me from entering your room. I'm not going to make a scene, my dear child; so don't clutch your fists and scowl your big black eyes. I'm not going to remind you of the position in which, by your desertion of us in the eleventh hour, you place my son and me. We discussed this fully this afternoon. You know as well as I do the ruin that you're making, so we'll leave that topic alone. I have come merely to ask you, is it true, this story that I hear now from Henry Stuart, who tells me that he acts as your attorney?"

Before her violence, how easily I had defended myself! But this tragic gentleness cut the ground from beneath my feet, and my heart quavered to perceive the sudden aging of her appearance. At the dinner table she had appeared, as usual, well preserved, discreetly powdered, almost young; but now—what an old, old woman she looked!

"So it's the provisions of the Contract Labor Law," she said, "that release you from your promise to me. Very ingenious, upon my word, and the kiss reflects tremendous credit upon the legal astuteness of young Mr. Stuart! Only, you see, I never thought of being clever. If I had, I might have articles properly drawn up after our arrival in New York, and rapidly signed and sealed in my father's study, so that if I had picked you up out of the steerage, and engaged you as my cook; but, you see, I took you for a lady, and I didn't ask you to be my cook: I asked you to be my daughter—"

It was not so easy, after all, to defend my side! But with feeble resolution I tried to parry some of her accusations.

"I know," I said, "that according to your part of the contract you have spent a great deal of money on me. That money, my dear child, shall be repaid to you in the centime. As for the jewels—"

I began pulling at the huge solitary still sparkling on my hand.

Her face burned a dull red, and I suddenly felt a new

A Hint to the Homeless

By FRANKLIN G. KING

My Friend—Do you remember the Homes of Your Boyhood—in the Country? Most City Men were born in the Country, and most of their Children's Children still are Born in the Country, and the Reason are Many and Old. Now, if you were born in the Country, You will never Forget the Old Home. It was just a simple, unpretentious House, set about with big trees, with enticing lawns and fields rich with the promise of harvest.

Inside the House was the Table spread with many linens, the Big rustic Bible, holding the Old and the New Testaments, and the simple bowl of the Family and the Heart and Conscience of the Home. And when you came Home from the Fields, there was always a pair of good Things to Eat, when You "Put your feet under Your Father's Table" for Mother was There to See that.

In those days Father was in that Greatest Man in all the World, and you still revere him as a Grand Old Man. He was just a plain farmer, a simple, upright man with much of the Heart and Marriage on his Roof, no Lien on his Growing Crops, Master of his Land, and Master of Himself.

I suppose You often ask Yourself why You didn't stick to the Old Home, with its assurance of Peace and Plenty. I know Why. It was the Gall of the City. You are Lured You and Followed You, just as it has thousands of your Fellowes. You have long since learned that your Progress in the City was more apparent than Real; that You are Like the Slave on the treadmill—always striving, but never really getting on.

And on Today, there is Another Call that Tugs at Your Heartstrings and makes You Reluctant to Part with the Gall of the Country. It is a Call that is Ever Old and Ever New, and it is Growing every Day. More and More are turning to the Old Home.

Please send me your book "Independence With Ten Acres"

Men are leaving the dust and grime of the City's Streets, and taking their Children out into the Clear Sunshine in the Country, where they will be as Healthy as Happy as You were in your Boyhood Home.

How about You, My Friend? Why don't you give your Boy and Girl a Square Deal and an Even Chance? You ought to. Try and give them a Real Home, and they ought to start NOW. And I would further advise you to get a Home in the Rain Belt of the Coast Territory, where you can grow a Good Crop Year on the same Soil, without Irrigation or Fertilization.

I believe you could save Thirty-three Cents a Day if You tried. I know you would. Try it. You realized that our Growers of Wild Strawberries and Early Vegetables start in the Fall of \$500 to \$700 an Acre. We have Realized more than \$1000 an Acre from growing oranges in the Country, under the same conditions. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Southern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring when they command Top Prices.

What would You think of a little Town of about 1000 People situated on our Lands, where you could own on an average of 400,000 square feet of Fruit, Eggs, etc., at all times of the Year? During 1910 this Community has nearly 100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping facilities, with direct connections to the Great Railroads, and in addition to this have the inimitable Advantage of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and New Orleans. We are right out Practically in Half.

The Climate is extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the constant Gulf Currents.

Our Contract embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally Disabled, Your Family, or any one else You name, will be furnished with the Payment of another Penny. We will absolutely Refund Your Money if You should be Dissatisfied, according to the Terms of our Contract.

Write for Our Free Book. Fill out the blank space in the first column with Your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 704 So. Franklin St., Galveston, Texas. Read it carefully, and then use Your Own Good Judgment.

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when "Peter Henderson Seeds" began to establish a reputation for high quality and dependability in "Seeds" in 1815, in Gold and Silver. "Henderson" on Seeds are the marks which stand for Best.

START RIGHT. The success of your garden depends on the reputation behind the Seeds. By the time your seeds have passed thorough tests it is usually too late in the season to get any other variety.

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- One copy "Everything for the Garden," 164 pages, 50 cents, postpaid.
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- One pocket Bly Beetles Lettuce
- One pocket Scarlet Gloxinia Radish
- One pocket Mammoth Butterfly Parasit
- One pocket Giant Spencer Sweet Peas

[Packed in a Compact Envelope, which will be accepted as 25 cents in all such favored payment on your next order amounting to \$1.00 or more.]

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From the Finest Fields of Virginia to the Orange Groves of Florida. This is the Best. Best bred from the finest material. This is the Best. Best bred from the finest material. This is the Best. Best bred from the finest material.

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Fine Garden For
This is the best of its kind. It is the best of its kind. It is the best of its kind. It is the best of its kind.

REFRIGERATING SYSTEMS
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emotion, shame. Yes, in speaking of the money I had put myself in the wrong, and the very fact that she kept her temper before such an unbecoming and unbecoming situation rendered my position more painful and more bewildering.

She said: "pay me back the money when I send my bill. Till then please remember that I am in a bad way as your new friend Mrs. Stuart has my job to start in blue. As for the things, keep them. What could I do with them? I don't wear pink any more, my child, and I don't wear blue. I don't wear that kind of hat. I'll, to remember Victor; by this, if you new fiancé will let you. For I cannot doubt that he will marry me. And I will marry you will marry Mr. Henry Stuart. All my congratulations to him and to his mother for the brilliant way they have played their cards. You are very fortunate to meet me of the season. And the Duchess too, when she arrives—when she arrives for the wedding! The wedding—oh! she caught her breath like a sob in her throat. "My poor Victor scorned and refused at the very altar! Thrown down publicly in the eyes of the whole world! I'll be ever true to me. Ah, Lili, between the two of us what a fool we have managed to make of my poor boy!"

But I had not yet seen her two eyes and wept. And the bitterness of her heart broke from her in a sudden cry. "Oh! it serves me just right for having turned my heart to a Frenchwoman."

Ah! I jumped to my feet. Now indeed she had hit me on the head and made me of my skin! Through the whirl of my exhausted spirit, a clear train of thought came suddenly forcing itself upon me. Yes, I had imagined, and I, that, like the persons in those modern novels that my Uncle Porthaven at Brent forbade me to read. I had read my surroundings and made for myself a new character and a new standard of action? Because I had found America charming and delightful. I thought I had become an American and forgotten France? I had left behind me in France, had I, all those modern traditions, all those mores that had been drilled and drilled into me than one Vauguines to a perfectly anonymous death, that quite needless had stripped my dear papa of his fortune and sent his child to a penitentiary cell to wander over the earth?

Yes, I was an exile; but—the realization that I had been an exile, that I was still French, still a Vauguines. My hand went to my pocket, which on its long thin margin was fastened by a small slip of paper with its automatic mechanical motion, giving the lie to reason, to all practical modern ideas, to American law and its clear logical interpretation, that in a short time ago had convinced my understanding, "Vauguines n'est parole!"

On one hand stood the image of Henry with his blue eyes, and his arms held out to me. On the other side, outside of reason, of logic, of law, was just my word—my word that I had given. What would Papa tell me to choose if he were here? What had he chosen for himself? The law had not bound him, but he had kept his word! And I was a Vauguines too!

Suddenly Mrs. Cobb broke the silence. "Lili," she said in a voice so hollow and toneless that I felt as though I were standing far away or very ill, "as you notice, I make no sense. I merely remind you of one fact that no legal authority, and no law, can do this: I wish to give you my word of honor, and I accepted it. Now, that the time has come, are you going to keep your promise, or are you going to break it?"

"If on going to break it"—no, my lips would not form the words; they choked in my throat; it seemed to me as if I were being choked, and I could not say them. I threw up my head. I dare say my gesture was a little dramatic; but—oh, when my ancestors imagined their duty at long length they were allowed a white panache and a drum!

"I am going to keep my promise, since you have said that you would." Mrs. Cobb, as soon as Genevieve has dressed me, you will please take me home?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Now time moves forward a week—a miserable week. And Lili—miserable Lili—moved into her little room in New York. For Mrs. Cobb's was an epoch of triumph. The wedding presents that so delighted her soul came pouring in from all sides. Even with a woman of her age she was the most aristocratic names in America. As to my own side of the ocean, my Vauguines had secured the same number of my marriage with a millionaire (though they refused to cross the ocean), came forward in a very fine fashion indeed. A beautiful emerald pendant, her mother's, was sent to me, no matter—it came from Carrier's, a little gold repeater, a jeweled fillet for the hair—now that I had no need of anything any more, my mother's money applied for me.

It was Mrs. Cobb's turn to be in luck, and she did she arranged them where none could pass them by. "Le Marquis et le Marquise," the "Duchesse de Vauguines" of Cligny, "La Duchesse Domitrie de Brochefort," and most of the names of the aristocracy, came to bring her presents with her. It was too much for that we went to New York.

She was to arrive with Uncle Porthaven and the three youngest ones. They were left at home at Brent) on the sixth of August. That evening there was to be a grand ball at the Hotel Vendome in New York arrivals, with a supper afterward in the roof garden of the Waldorf. Then we were all to go at once to the Brunnhildis. Mrs. Cobb's big floral wreath was at her door in North River, and to start early the next morning for Mount Desert. Then the evening of the ninth there was to be a formal dinner of great magnificence at the villa at Bass Harbor, in honor of the Duke and Duchess. Then the next day, the wedding—

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New York



we had to wait three long hours in the sun; because, owing to a strike of the men who load the cargoes and freight and things like that on the steamers, there had been a delay in the last steamer sailing, and the poor Maurens had to wait before she could get into her dock. Such mountains of boxes and barrels and bales of cotton as there were piled all around us, with the company's officers and policemen trying to push them about and people scolding because their friends couldn't land, and Mrs. Cobb raving at the top of her voice, and threatening to sue the company—so that there could be no doubt in the minds of the other people around us, at least, that we had come to meet a Duchess. However, in spite of everything, the wait came to an end at last. And there was Aunt Elizabeth!

It's all very well to criticize your relatives and make fun of them, and even run away from them; but your own blood, you know—that's something! And when you see your own people again in a foreign land, and not seeing them for a long time—why, a great bump comes into your throat, and when you feel their arms around you, you feel as though you had come home! When Aunt Elizabeth kissed me, it seemed to me that I had never been grateful to her or loved her enough. Then Uncle Portleven and the girls—as they crowded around me, kissing me, and telling me how pretty I looked, and congratulating me on my fine marriage—why, in the joy of finding myself among my own again, I almost forgot for just a minute or so, but not for long, the sea-breeze I carried. Ah, it's all this fuss and these happy arrivals had been for my marriage with Henry!

HOWEVER, I had little time to think. The customs men were coming up with their annoying questions, and the Captain was paying his compliments to the Duke, and the passengers were edging up trying to get a glimpse of the Duke, and getting frozen stare through an eyeglass. She looked just the same, Aunt Elizabeth—with her old tweed skirt but it fit snugly in front, her large pocket with pockets like a man, and her little felt hat with a priceless veil of Chantilly about it. The girls, homely as they appeared, were all in a gown of raspberry pink. Marie in pale olive green, Emmentine in white slightly faded, as usual, though their noses were still beyond their cheekbones, after the American palor, looked amazingly fresh and lovely. And as they huddled together in that frightened commotion of the English yacht quality around their imposing maids, it must be owned that they had a certain air of being so-called, they are the Duke's.

"So your new husband doesn't show you, Lily?" said Aunt Elizabeth, looking about with her gold eyeglasses.

"No, Aunt Elizabeth. You see, he—he left a little shy about intruding on our first meeting. But he will call by his respects to you at our first tea this afternoon."

"Ah! Charmin' young man, I suppose?" as Mrs. Cobb was listening, I could answer nothing less than, "Oh, charming!"

"H'm! Melanchole, you said?"

"Yes, your Grace," interrupted Mrs. Cobb, flattered as I had never seen her at all flesh and blood presence of the Duchess. "On the morning of my dear boy's marriage I sign articles conveying to him property to the amount of twenty-five million dollars."

"Dollars! Why not pounds? How much is a dollar, anyway?"

"Four shillings and twopence, your Grace," I hear me! I said, "You just make it the round four shillings, without stoppin' every time to bother over that extra twopence?" Wilkins was much in twenty-five million dollars, in real money?"

Uncle Portleven's voice, usually so languid, took on tones of unaffected interest as he replied with the imposing figure, "Five millions sterling, my dear."

"Ah, not bad! Not bad at all! And of this sum I suppose a fifth portion will be settled by marriage articles on my dear niece? However, we will speak of that later. My dears, here is the gangplank. Be careful of the gangplank. Murel, you are torn in as usual! Portia, hold up your hand!"

ON the drive home in the automobile she confided to me that she had come to America with the intention of leaving the two sisters at least for a year or so. To be sure, she idea was a painful one; but beggars couldn't be choosers. There was no blinkin' fact that Portia had been out eight years and Murel six, with no takers offerin' her a curate or two and a poor whose name was quite impossibly damaged through her lent too often to fly-love ventures in the city.

"Money, my dear, much money, is what my poor girls must have, even if we have to reach ourselves to Am'ricans. Your fiancé,



What Salt do you use?

Food without salt would not keep you alive.

YOU would quickly starve to death on a food that contained no salt—even if it were 100% nourishment.

For salt is essential to the formation of gastric juice. Without gastric juice there can be no digestion. Without digestion there can be no nutrition.

Now you understand why we think it is worth while to make salt as pure, sweet and salty as possible, and why it is worth your while to have the best salt in your foods.

Is All Salt Salt?

Salt comes out of the earth. Like gold or silver, or any other natural element, it comes mixed with other minerals. These impurities can only be removed by thorough refining.

Salt may be impure because not thoroughly refined. Or because not made by sanitary processes, so that impurities creep in. Or because it is adulterated in order to make it "free running."

Worcester Salt is made by exclusive processes which result in the highest possible degree of purity. It is also made under sanitary conditions which keep impurities from creeping in. It contains absolutely no adulterant. No salt can be purer.

Try This Test

Most salt has a bitter after-taste. That is a sure indication that certain impurities have not been removed from the crude salt. There is no salt, however, in pure salt.

As ordinarily used you may not taste the bitter flavor. But there is an easy way to test salt for yourself. Here it is:

Make a little salt brine with a teaspoonful of Worcester Salt and half glass of water. Do the same with any other salt. Taste these brines one after another. Your tongue will tell you instantly that Worcester leaves no bitter taste—that it is sweeter and saltier than any other.

The Saltiest of Salts

Worcester Salt makes it easier for you to season properly because it is so salty, without a particle of bitterness. It improves the flavor of your cooking. It gives greater satisfaction on the table. If you use Worcester there is no need of having one kind of salt for the table and another for the kitchen. Worcester is unrivaled for both purposes.

Worcester Salt costs but little more than ocean salt. The poorest family can afford it.

WORCESTER SALT

Get a 5-cent bag. Good grocers everywhere sell Worcester Salt. Get it. Test it. Compare it with any other salt made. You will find that it is tastier, saltier, more savory. And

it is as pure as household salt can be made. Write for the Worcester cook book. It contains recipes for all kinds of savory dishes, prepared by an eminent authority. Free on request.

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NEW YORK

A Real Vacuum Cleaner

Has it FREE Bloats Vacuum Cleaner that looks like a carpet sweeper and yet is a powerful vacuum cleaner. As it rolls across the floor it sucks up a strong blast of air through the carpet, bringing every particle of dirt out of the texture

now—hasn't a great many friends among young men, my dear?" So I looked at Dorothy's heart, and made Portia, who was in the middle seat between us, beam from ear to ear, with the description of the half-love bachelors of Massachusetts and my numerous fortunes who had accepted Mrs. Cobb's invitation to the theater party tonight and the return cruise on this day.

"The yacht!" repeated my aunt with satisfaction. "Do you hear that, Portia! We can do more on a yacht—what. Well, well, kill, to thank my little wild French girl turns out so splendidly after all!"

SO we left them at the St. Regis, where Mrs. Cobb had retained a royal suite for the family. Her own house, opened only temporarily, was in the hands of florists and decorators for the evening's gala occasion, and hence not in condition to receive guests of such august importance. Aunt Elizabeth, however, saving advice and apologies and explanations, was delighted with the hotel accommodations thus offered her. And, though she had done nothing as we crossed the city had made unaccountable remarks about the heat, the elevated train, and the skyscrapers, still she seemed extremely pleased with the situation as a whole. Never indeed have I seen her so happy.

"I congratulate you, Lili. You have done well for yourself. Your new mother-in-law, in every respect, seems to be a most thoroughly presentable person. If her son is only half as decent a sort, then he'll do. And, after all, what does that matter, since he has the other five million dollars?"

"Very decent, indeed. If my poor girls can do so well, I shall be content. So now I had better go. My excuse was a little very well indeed, and I approve of you thoroughly. And—God bless you!"

She added this benediction as a rather surprising thought after her own approval was given. And, jumping from the automobile with surprising agility for one of her weight, she gathered her daughters about her and swept into the hotel. Reporters, who had followed the limousine in hired taxicabs, swarmed after her with their little notebooks. Uncle Porthevan, tall and im-

posing in his gray traveling suit and gray moustache, brought up the rear. Mrs. Cobb, looking after Dorothy at the hotel door, followed them up, sank back on the cushions with a sigh of utter content.

"Every link the Duchess, can't she? And to make that up, she'll have from your own a few minutes' silent rumination of so much like, she added, just like Aunt Elizabeth, "God bless you, Lili!"

AFTER so many benedictions, I ought to have been happy, oughtn't I? But, he seemed to have missed the good God, that I should be the instrument of delight and satisfaction to everyone except to those whose sorrow was my sorrow, and whose joy would have been my joy. And, knowing that they were sad, and sad for me, what good could I get from all the blessings? So, when we arrived home I just pretended a headache, and locked my bedroom door for the afternoon. The weather was so oppressively hot, my excuse was a believable one. So there in the safe shelter of my bedroom I just threw myself on the bed and behaved more foolishly than I shall ever own even to myself.

For that my suffering was perfectly logical and foolish I shall never deny. Even one that has never denied, like me, to pin down her flimsy feminine intellect on a sound philosophical basis, could have realized that. For, after all, what I was doing was by my own choice, not by any fate, and I was doing it for my honorable work, why could I not be satisfied with the consciousness of doing right and resign myself to the disagreeable? So, when we arrived home I just pretended a headache, and locked my bedroom door for the afternoon. The weather was so oppressively hot, my excuse was a believable one. So there in the safe shelter of my bedroom I just threw myself on the bed and behaved more foolishly than I shall ever own even to myself.

Ah, sad, and hours!

To be concluded next Sunday



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Have you ever used a soap with the real odor of violets? If not, you do not know how delightful a soap can be. Every time you wash with this simple cake, you will enjoy its fresh fragrance. In it, we have caught the real odor of violets and the color of fresh violet leaves, a beautiful translucent green.

Send us a soap and we will send you this sample cake, enough to last several days. When you have used it, you can get the real cake, free from your soap dealer, or we will send you one for you. The violet fragrance is especially beautiful and is a real novelty. For other rates catalog, send your name and address. Address: The American Jergens Co., Dept. 8, Cincinnati.



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UPS AND DOWNS IN POLITICS

By FRANK H. BROOKS

NOTWITHSTANDING the theory that in the present election the country is such as to have Congress represent the political sentiment of the electorate, there was a possibility at one time, or at least an intimation, that by a shrewd course Congress might be in control of one party. The story is interesting, and at the same time has a humorous side.

As is known to all students of American history, Texas was never a territory of the United States. After its troubles with Mexico it sprang into existence as a full fledged Republic with a President, and remained a Republic until it was admitted to the Union in 1845.

It was admitted under some conditions quite different from those which govern the admission of other Territories. One of these was that the big State, reserved the right to divide as it saw fit into as many States as the population would warrant, although it must be understood that no special numerical population was required by law for the admission of a Territory.

The provision governing the admission of Territories, unless some State divide, or until some of the insular possessions come into statehood. The latter probability is so remote that senatorial humor has not yet been broken up for the benefit of any political party. It is doubtful if Virginia would have been admitted had it not been for the Civil War. It is not probable that the present generation will see the membership of the Senate reach the hundred mark.

While the proposition had a humorous aspect, and conservative politicians regarded it with indifference, there were timid Republicans who seriously considered a plan to offset the Texas exit. The timid ones contemplated the division of enough territory from Texas to bring States into the congressional representation that would at least create the possibility of making any majority in Congress doubtful.

That was the only time in the political history of the country when there was any talk of making a majority in Congress permanent. Texas has been reserved the right of the State that owns its public lands. The Government never had any domain in that State.

Another eddy of the State is that it has often made it was the only territory for whom they were named have a distinctive honor. There was a unique character in one county known as Deaf Smith. When he was elected to Congress, the Deaf Smith County, and the appellation remains to this day; so that only one Smith has Deaf Smith County. Deaf Smith was the one man who fought his way into the Alamo when the occupants of that building were making history; but he never fought his way out. "Thermopylae had one messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

There is also a Tom Green County in the State, named for a man who was the county's goodly for business, but not for Tom Green. There are still counties in the State with not enough people to effect an organization for business as required by the State.

The membership of the United States Senate has varied since its organization from twenty-six members to thirty. What Arizona and New Mexico there will be ninety-six. There will be no additional members from territories unless some State divide, or until some of the insular possessions come into statehood. The latter probability is so remote that senatorial humor has not yet been broken up for the benefit of any political party. It is doubtful if Virginia would have been admitted had it not been for the Civil War. It is not probable that the present generation will see the membership of the Senate reach the hundred mark.

PLEASANT FOR GUY

This heroic moments of our lives are not always recognized as such by those around us. While Guy was making a noble effort to save the town from a startling overflow, a neighbor crossed the street to talk "best provisions" with Mrs. Guy, and Guy's small daughter answered the ring of the door.

"Where's Maama, Sweetheart?" asked the visitor. "I don't know where my mama is," he hesitated the small person; "but," brightening, "but my papa's out in the yard playing with his little wagon."

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DAGOBERT'S CHILDREN

Continued from page 9

denave, who had almost ceased to breathe, into whose thin cheeks had surged blood red and hot as flame, who was shaking as if pulled around at the messenger as if the latter had suddenly appeared from out the bowels of the earth. And his lips moved, forming a name that he did not utter aloud.

"Captain! My Captain!"

He gripped the table to prevent himself from falling.

Dagobert himself was standing there! His left hand in his white glove rested easily on the hill of his saber; his right hand loosely at his side; and his eyes, piercing as a condor's, watched the face of the Herr Commandant.

General Ruzel Dagobert, in the uniform of a German Hussar!

If he had seen Bordenave, he gave no sign of it. Exerting a tremendous effort, the latter cleared his brain. He looked at the open door, he peered into the absolute dark beyond.

Captain Shofen read aloud from the despatch:

Report to me in force instantly. General von Werder, commanding.

He looked up and read the delight on the faces of his men. "So, gentlemen," said he. "It seems that at last the advance is beginning— Death! stop him!"

Bordenave went through the open doorway with a rush. In a twinkling the opposite night swallowed him. He bounded across the road and promptly fell into a ditch. It was deep wide and plunged into a bed of decaying leaves and mud. Wriggling along face downward, slipping when the short purr came too near, he soon found himself hurled out on the barometer. He lay quite still in the mire. The chase had quickly been abandoned. Not a sound did he hear, not the sigh of the wind which had that first touch of ice in his breath, the terrible ice that was going to redouble the sufferings of France.

"A Frenchman," by the devil!" murmured the frau-franz.

HE scrambled from the mud, lurched across the road, and then one—two—four—eight—a dozen—a score of pigistic spears flew upon him from every side.

"Qui est là?"

The words came as the snarl of a wolf. Bordenave's tongue seemed frozen to his palate.

"Don't fire!" cried a voice with a harsh, menacing rasp.

The drummer leaped back as a bayonet flicked at him. It passed between his arm and his side. With a smothered yell he flung both arms round the drummer's neck.

"A friend—!" he almost shrieked.

Lean fingers at his windpipe relaxed. The breath of his antagonist steamed in his face.

"Professor! I think it is our little Cornelle!" muttered Leporte, ex-Zouave and frau-franz.

Bordenave uttered a sob of delight.

"Silence! I'll slit the throat of every mother's son of you!" snarled that voice of a wolf.

"Hush, Petit!" whispered Leporte. "That is Lieutenant Varnabe, of General Chanzy's army. We are going to leap in Garlesse to-day. Our Captain has come to prepare our attack."

The Frenchmen, who had looked like gigantic specklers in the gloom, were lying down again on their stomachs. And Bordenave croaked with them. He could make out D'Ormonde the author just to the right, and Jolyette and Albertine to the left.

"Yes, they are all here, and a score of others besides," he whispered to his wildly beaming ears. And he began chattering on a long line that Leporte thrust toward him.

THE boy Fritz reported the curé's situation to the room. He got away.

"I am afraid he has got away, Commandant," said he guiltily.

General said no attention. Holding the despatch in his left hand and tapping upon it with his right, he still questioned the messenger. "It is a general move upon Paris?"

"Count! I have seen the Count Dagobert sway a little and rested a good hand on the table's edge. There has been a battle between Orleans and Alençon, Gaston. Then Orleans has been retaken—"

"Ah! There it is a retreat!"

General's attention was waked his pallid forehead with a shaking hand. "Parbleu, Commandant, I was shot on the road—wounded—Chanzy's rats are biting."

General respectfully questioned the Prussian in his passively voice. "I cannot

believe it." He turned to his third officer, who was regarding the messenger fixedly. "All the same, Varnabe, we have our marching orders, and you have your desire."

"It is the General's handwriting? You are sure?"

Dagobert lurched aside and fell to the floor like a log. His lips twitched; his eyes rolled backward.

Varnabe looked over him, groping and groping. He rose wiping his fingers. "Wounded in the left side, yes," said he; "but to me it looks like an old affair newly opened. You are quite assured?"

The Prussian shrugged his shoulders. "You offend it," said he. "If we were all as cautious as you, we should still be in Berlin, Gumb, Gumbert."

PAINT and mortar finally became the thumping of hooves' hoofs. The German detachment was out of the village. The sound died away, and the guests of night fell over the deserted place, the tenacious cottages. The supposed side de camp of General von Werder lay where he had fallen. Not an eyelid moved.

Count Ruzel Dagobert was reflecting upon two matters. One was that his idea of the forged despatch had worked very well up to the present. He had fallen by the score of lanterns under Lieutenant Varnabe sent by General Chanzy to occupy Garlesse if possible, and he had undertaken the errand of getting the Germans out. His perfect control of high German, and the uniform striped three days before from a Hussar who had been his friend, in a copy and the Lieutenant's gift of imitating handwriting, were material enough.

And the other matter upon which Dagobert reflected as he lay on his back on the sandbed floor was that one of Shofen's men had come back again by the easy process of entering away the curé's set of chesmen. The man was watching him from behind.

He had not heard him enter; he did not hear him move or breathe. He knew by his hand he had been sent back by Captain Shofen in carrying away the curé's set of chesmen. The supposed side de camp of General von Werder had been abandoned as a dying man. The despatches were emphatic these precipitate movements those who fell out.

Varnabe returned for the wooden chesmen, and he lingered, watching the man on the floor. He was cynical and skeptic, this Prussian, in most things. And he certainly was cynical in the worst in the messenger's left side was at least a week old, and that it had been ovened fresh—just for this special occasion. Which was perfectly correct.

The watching Prussian, troubled, nervous, and he fingered, watching the man on the floor. He was cynical and skeptic, this Prussian, in most things. And he certainly was cynical in the worst in the messenger's left side was at least a week old, and that it had been ovened fresh—just for this special occasion. Which was perfectly correct.

A VIOLENT twitch jerked his limbs as the handle of the door rattled. He looked at it, and saw that it was moving. The door opened direct into the road.

He listened with horizontal head and eyeballs glaring. He had suspected the existence of a trap, and he now saw its jaws in operation. There were men outside the door, men who had entered the village when the garrison quitted it.

"Foolish!" muttered Varnabe.

He might have been saved by the window; but he was brave, and the slow opening of the door fascinated his eyes.

He might have been saved by the window; but he was brave, and the slow opening of the door fascinated his eyes. He drew back nearer to the wall. The top of a head without helmet or cap, a bare grizzled head, appeared between door and window. It was the head of Lieutenant Varnabe. He raised it suddenly and swept a lightning glance round the curé's sitting room.

"Accept my respects," said Varnabe, and he let go at the officer's head.

"Find him in haste—yours!" he yelled.

Count! I have seen the Count Dagobert sway a little and rested a good hand on the table's edge. There has been a battle between Orleans and Alençon, Gaston. Then Orleans has been retaken—

He slipped over the body of Varnabe, which lay in a terrible mess. He fought for his balance; he pelted them into his face.

A half-second Varnabe waited, for he wanted the other to see the death that was coming. He looked at the revolver cradled for his last time. But one cannot shoot straight



If you'd rise early, just say when
And leave your call with him, Big Ben

DOWN in our hearts we're punctual men—but we can't help oversleeping now and then any more than we can help talking to our sleep.

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with a six-inch blade through one's carotid artery.
 Comette Bordenave, second in the room, had fired the knife Latorpe had given him. He struck her lightly.
 Vanache fell across the body of Vanache. He had found life dull: for him its dullness was over.
 The whole affair had filled out but seven seconds. The room swarmed with Frenchmen.
 Dubogret recoiled to his feet. He was hideous with a strip of flesh cut from his forehead by a pistol bullet, and his right cheek black and scorched. He did not know where he was for an instant, and he glared round at one walking from the door toward him.
 And he saw Bordenave, who was regarding him with athen face and most imploring gaze.

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"They will come back, those gentlemen," drawled a haughty voice. "We will receive them. Please, take four men and hold the line. Remanded, take five and keep the house opposite."
 The Captain, in command, Vanache dead,—gave his orders in the tone in which he used to demand supper at Marguery's every night, in the Boulevard Boissy Noyelle.
 "Hooper, take ten men and hold what is left of the church. If you must retreat, fall back on the right-hand side; you will retreat here, with your wives. We have turned those muskets out of their beds, thanks to you. They will come for their shells, and we will wrap them round their necks when we have finished!"

AH LEE BUNG

distance, sounded not unlike Spanish. Bung picked away, plotting silently.

JUDGE OLIVER was witness to a miracle, of a hot afternoon, when the force was loading aprons into a wagon (they call them "cots" in the Berlin Clink Valley). Bung appeared in their very midst, and gripped upon the energy with a conciliatory manner. There rose his tiny, dark, smiling face throughout the group, but the Chinaman held up both hands and smiled his submission. Jiro, with brows of bismarck, advanced a step and Bung addressed him in Chinese. Jiro shook his head.
 "You can't like Chinese language?" inquired Bung, smiling.
 "I obtain this knowledge," responded the Japanese, his pride touched.
 "Then hoo-see!" said Bung. He led Jiro over to the dusty road, where he carefully smoothed a surface with his hand. The fifty laborers gathered around, awe-struck.
 Bung bent over and began chalk lines in the road at a perpendicular column of Chinese characters. Jiro read them with an expression of perplexity. His faithful benches were punctuated assumed a life expression.
 "Jiro next stooped over and in turn drew the column of Chinese characters. Bung nodded and winked at each several five-dollar piece from his house and showed them to the Sumner. (The written characters in Chinese and Japanese are the same, although the spoken words are so vastly different.)
 "We shall be great pleasure to observe it tonight, eight o'clock," said the now affable Japanese.
 "All Hie-tem!" chuckled Bung as he watched the group.
 They went together from then on. They exchanged few remarks; but the eyes of the little brown men fairly beamed with growing love for the big yellow one. Bung was their constant, though rather sarcastic, ally.

"You're teaching them to like you, aren't you?" bung? observed Mrs. Oliver one night.
 "Oh, yes, Missus Olivia, I teach 'em happy old-time Sunday school lessons."
 But when Judge Oliver asked Jiro on payday, the latter seemed a bit more choleric.
 "Naturally I deprecate Mr. Bung," said he; "yet I don't resent his free talk."
 "Do you want me to fire him?" asked the judge.
 "No, please, no—not to do! We should miss this Mr. Bung definitely."
 Tommy noticed that Bung was visiting to the Japanese quarter rather regularly evening.

ABOUT midwinter Jiro approached the teacher and softly intimated that "advance money would appear very charitable." But when Judge Oliver asked Jiro on payday, the latter seemed a bit more choleric.
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THE EDITOR THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES
 52 East Nineteenth Street New York City

THESE here Orientals," said Mr. Frederick to the Japanese on the porch after the "they're overrunning the orchards"

worse'n insect pests." The Olivers had been telling him about Bung. "Chimsan and Japs are bad caterpillars from different eggs. Don't kill 'em each day. Course they don't." The army worm doesn't like the red scale, because they're both bent on the same sort o' mischief."

"I've always regarded Bung as different," said the Judge. "He has done wery a good and faithful servant. When I first came here, an inviolate from Massachusetts, we didn't grow much of anything on the place but grassseed and mortgages. Bung dropped in from nowhere, a bigger, middle-aged Chinaman with one eye. He would be liked the place and wanted to stay forever—which seemed an almost fanatical wish of him, considering how the march looked at that time. That Chinaman was certainly a goodson to me. He did the heavy work, plowing and planting and harrowing—wasn't he a help to us, Japs?"

"He certainly waz!" said Mrs. Oliver thoughtfully. "Half the time he cooked breakfast for us, and nights he took care of Tommey, who was a baby then. He was crazy about children, like all Chinamen."

"Tommy was two years old," recalled the Judge. "Goodness, how they grow! I reckon he saved the baby's life two or three times—if you count the time he killed a five-foot snake with a slingshot, and why! The other time when Tommy had a fever and Bung rode nine miles on a wild horse to get a doctor."

"You're thinks are deathly afraid of horses," said Fredericksen. "Bung is no exception. And I count that right though it has been curiously fitting among these faces acts of moral heroism I have ever witnessed."

The smiles wrea this rose colorly while their little mills.

"Doesn't he flock with other Chinamen?" asked the man from Iowa. "I remember Tommey. Never Bung is a hermit and an eccentric. He never goes to town. Once a month for the last twenty years he has mailed a letter to his Sacramento friends, and every other that man. Must have had some tremendous row with his people, the way he avoids 'em. Agin the Judge pecks and says, 'I hate to tell you what he did.' He's the only Chinaman I ever had who could get along with white help. I remember back in '86 we had an Irishman in the place, and he was a good fellow, but deep and noisy racial aversion to Bund that I thought I'd have to discharge 'em both to keep peace in the family. One day I went out with Tom to stack some hay. All morning Bung and Dornavan worked silently together, side by side. At noon we sat down to eat under their trees. It was Friday, and out of respect for Dornavan's religious principles I had included a can of salmon in the basket. He took the can, opened it, and dumped its contents on his shirt. 'What for?' shouted Bung, who also liked fish. 'Now Bung, be b'y,' said Dornavan. 'I didn't want to eat it, I got me a dog outa region, and ye get your'n.'—'Oh, I s'bbe—you Irish!' said Bung sweetly. And the two werry friends from that day on.

OUT back of the orchard Tommy Oliver walked laggishly toward "Bung's cottage," the sum of his things just above the Coast Range now, and the living tapings of mesquit, oak, and mountain laurel hung rich and splendid against Heaven's western blue, such as those wery fossils, molten in time, gave a curious effect of antiquity. Out there there must be miraculous ships of people among the folding great, and most of them fellows, transparent like the vineyards from the hills of Thessaly; sublimant gossamer tapies with summer and shrouding in time to the god of the silver robes.

From the lowly brown hat just ahead issued a high, nasal singsong in clematis and semolina, cadence and fluster. Bung came in front of his dwelling, alone on a fruit crate, praising the sunset—or maybe it was a Cantonese mien solo-hill way he was attacking.

Filing—toy eed—ya lah
Wash—bing gey
Or so it sounded. Three sticks of punk, stuck in a bean can, smoldered by the door. The old man was rolling cigarettes as he lit the Cornudas-shaped, alternating candles; they were, wrapped in white letter paper and filled with a plug tobacco that smelled to the morning stars. He was wery proud of 'em, and in a casual, matter-of-factly way he would roll two or three dozen of these most precious and stuff them into the pocket of his blouse, arm-in-fists against the mow of his lips.

"Goo' evening, 'ill' boss!" he cried cheerfully. "You like 'em?"

"No, thanks, Bung," said Tommy Oliver, setting himself on a stump. He had tried Bung's favorite brand once. The door of

Bung's cottage was grudy tonight. It was mottled with new strips of red paper bearing inscriptions in Chinese.

"You've got plenty of devil paper out today, Bung," observed the young man, approaching the big subject haltingly.

"Oh, yes—lots of devil—over there. Today, Devil, devil, devil, he he no other—Japanese devil worst kind."

Tommy panted and whistled a bit. "How long has you been working for us, Bung?"

"No sabbé how many—maybe twenty-ill, maybe thaltry, year. Say—how, no can tell."

"Not so much as that. Twenty years."

Bung looked up suddenly and fixed Tommy shrewly with his single eye. "M'is Tommy," he said, "wha' for you go give me today?"

"Fire yoo! Who said we were going to fire you?"

"Oh, no sabbé plenty. Japanese boy come, China boy go—by—by plenty soon. Take too machee punk stick drive away Japanese devil."

"Well, Bung," said Tommy, resolved to speak now or never, "you see it's just like this."

"Wha' for you makee long talk, 'ill' boss? Me go." He attacked his pipe grimly, handing so low that his short, gray pagtail swung over his shoulders.

"You wot't need to work any more," said the laid. "You must have saved quite a pile of cash in all these years."

"Me save cash?" "A's Lee Bung laughed, one. "Ho! Chinese fashion. Tommy, you make joke talk poor ole Bung!"

"Twenty dollars a month for twenty years—"

"Me telles you how was. Long time by-by, befo' me come here, was me picture by your country cash. See the money? Him jell befo' bad boy, but mace fitted in. Him be drink gin w'm, smoke um bon, play cards, gamble, and so. He have to see how play American poker game. A-yai! Pokka he velly had game?"

"Don't you play poker too?" asked Tommy.

"One time—no no," answered Bung gruffly. "My cousin Jim him get velly well job. Right? Mister? You make him call 'Treasureer. I guess you mean."

"Maybe so was. One time Jim make college for me. He have to see how play. That night he play pokka game—too machee jackpot—by-by cash! All gone! Pokka game is bad. You mean your cousin Jim lost the Sam Yoo's money?"

"You sabbé plenty? Sam Yoo gam man that he play card, makee change—change. But cousin Jim he too smart—he skip away China pity quick. Then Sam Yoo gam man he come 'long catchee him. All Sam Yoo's bank over my counting." "Lee Lee skip away—all life, like he got his cousin Bung. Say President Sam Yoo Soc'y!—him verry welly was, but he do not want to stay here. He go back talk! Bung go dead, we no catches for them. Sam Yoo's pocket just same," say other boy. But Sam Yoo doesn't—him verry welly, stingy man, he say. 'Bung, you open one money— you no pay it, you die.'—'Me no got money—where I catches? me say to president. He not want, makee change, catchee it. Each month I send fifty dollar Sam Yoo Soc'y' till all paid. You come back before then. Bung, you say that! Happen every two year you, Each month I send fifteen dollar Sam Yoo Soc'y' till now I paid—look see!"

As Jim said, Jim showed an interminable row of Chinese figures with a dull pencil on a board beside the door.

"All paid Sam Yoo Soc'y' thirty-six hundred dollar," said Jim, "and him for a dollar—tommy must pay."

Tommy studied the twisted Chinese characters with a frown.

"Jerre-noon-sha!" he exclaimed. "Of all the original nonsense! Why, Bung, you've practically said yourself ill delivery to pay of the debt on your own money."

"My heart's," said the old Chinese with dignity.

"And if you go back to any California city, I suppose—"

"I catches shoot. Sam Yoo got plenty gam man San Francisco, Mayville—'all big. For my sake, you have to catchee," pointed his long forehead, pinstriped fashion, with deadly aim. "I no can go back. Judge Olvah verry good keep me so long. I stay in San Francisco, and I no go back—back here, where now." His smooth cheeks began to wrinkle with misery.

"You must have friends in China," suggested Tommy.

"No no." One time me catchee wild back China, but I get sick with her, say "Come, San Francisco pity—say me. Bless—any plague blow out in China. See no come, see."

As Lee Bung gathered together his beard



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of cigarettes and began tucking them into his blouse.

"What became of your wife?" asked the Ind softly.

"She took—she died!" said Bung earnestly, a tear trickling down from his single eye.

He rose and disappeared for a moment into his little room, came out suddenly and dropped a sackful of jingling coin into Tommy's lap.

"That's Judge Olviah's. I no bother him too much for my soul," he said.

"But what's this money?" asked Tommy, confounded.

"Jep's funds! I took it away from Judge Olviah. Velly shoo!—polka game heap 'simal game!"

"But Bung, we can't trust you that way. The Judge may get you as soon as you leave this place. We'll keep you somehow. We'll—"

"Judge Olviah say Bung got 'em. Bung got 'em."

"But it isn't the Judge who wants you to go. It's those contumacious Japs! We'll fire the minute they come out."

"Ah, Jap! boss—too much talk all time," said Bung with a melancholy smile as he closed the door and locked it on the inside.

WHEN Tommy strolled maddly up the porch he dropped the neck of the wine to the side of his hand, while they were waiting on the porch, an embarrassed group.

"Is he—he going?" asked Mrs. Oliver in a whisper.

"Hanged if I know!" blurted the boy as he threw himself upon the comfort of a wicker chair and laid the fan Jap paper across his lap.

For several minutes the rest of the family sat gazing into the puffed sunset saying nothing.

A tall, stooped man in a blue pajama-like suit, a strip of gray gingham hanging from his belt, sat down, sat down slowly down the road. There was a wooden movement from his legs. He was not the spry Chinaman who had scrambled with comic agility up and down the ladders a dozen, a half-dozen, seasons ago. The small frame of possession he clutched wrapped in a pink handkerchief over his breast, added to the peasant pathos of his attitude. He plodded stonily round the bed, kicking cast as he walked.

One of the Oliver girls rose quietly and went into the house.

"Poor old dog," groaned Tommy, suddenly changing the paper to earth, a twisted wreck.

"He was like a dog," said Mrs. Oliver sadly. "I think we had at least a dozen—most of the family jokes ever got past Old Bung Benjamin, do you remember when Tommy first went to school and—"

"I think we've had enough reminiscences for one evening!" said the Judge sharply.

"You poor little bundle he carried—so small and faded! I believe it's the very same one he had the first time he came down the road." Mrs. Oliver wiped her eyes.

The oldest girl laid aside her novel.

"Walking away alone, into the sunset. It's like the end of a story," she said.

"Mother, I think I'll hitch up Bally and drive over to the store, said the Judge, clearing his throat and rising evasively.

BEHIND the lively pinto Judge Oliver caught up with Bung just as the latter was turning from the main gate into the country road.

"Hey, Bung! Where are you going at this time of night?"

"I can't, too!" shouted the Chinaman, looting the way.

"What do you mean by quitting without any orders? Jump up into the backboard, you old pirate!"

"Me! No! Ah, no! Me velly sad old Chins boy!" said the yellow patriarch, but without further protest he scrambled into the seat beside the god of his destiny whom he called Boss. The horse headed homeward, and the two men, equal in age, equal in experience, leaned for a moment across the gulf of fear and spoke of many different things.

As they passed the vine covered fence by the Japanese quarters, fifty-one heads popped up simultaneously as though by a common signal.

"Please, please, I require to notify you something!" piped the protesting voice of Mr. Jiro Uremoto through the gathering dusk.

"You Japs can either go to bed or to Hades!" appokke the Judge in ringing tones. And by the next instant he was settling into the seats of Nippon it was only to infer that the Samura had chosen the lesser of two evils.

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A CAPTAIN IN UNIFORM

Continued from page 6

cases would be transferred to New York for trial. That was satisfactory to us, and we returned to the east.

Our trial came on in the following July. Good old Judge Brown, who would have been a fine filling in the shoes of his great rival, again defined the difference between an "army, carnival, expedition and one that simply carried arms."

Robert Rubens' defense, argued that as the men and arms had been taken on board and put ashore separately they had no right to come ashore. That was not established by the evidence, and he contended that at the most we were guilty only of smuggling arms into Cuba, and that with such an American court had nothing to do. He pleaded so eloquently that the jury disagreed: it was said to have stood out to four convictions.

We never were tried again, but the indictment was held over our heads to many us until sometime later in the opening of the Spanish-American War, when it was dismissed, along with a lot of others, by order of Attorney General Griggs.

THE trial of Captain Brazeau, which came up at about the same time as our own and in which all of us were interested, was the real trial of Horatio Rubens. Captain Brazeau had preceded me in command of the Bermuda, and had been there for trying to get a list of names of men with the Garcia expedition. He was persecuted by Assistant District Attorney Hinman, who had the right of presenting the Government's case. Mr. Hinman established all the facts connected with the attempted desertion, the flight of the Spanish vessel, the arrest of the captain and his companions, all of which had been their heads.

This was all expected; but a good sized change of dynamite was exploded in the case of the defendant, who was the only one who testified that Captain Brazeau had confessed, when somewhat under the influence of liquor; that he knew he was in a trap; that he felt it necessary to confess; and that his confession had been reduced to writing and sworn to. This was the first information that we got, and it made him make a confession; for he had been refused to admit it.

He might have taken completely by surprise, Rubens saw his way out of the middle, in many of which he was a matter, but without making any definite statement, he turned to the jury and told them that his confession had been reduced to writing and sworn to. This was the first information that we got, and it made him make a confession; for he had been refused to admit it. He might have taken completely by surprise, Rubens saw his way out of the middle, in many of which he was a matter, but without making any definite statement, he turned to the jury and told them that his confession had been reduced to writing and sworn to. This was the first information that we got, and it made him make a confession; for he had been refused to admit it.

When the Government closed its case, Rubens made the opening argument to the jury; that he would present no defense, the inference being that the evidence introduced by the prosecution was so weak that it would be considered as a matter of course. This altogether unexpected move left Hinman with a useless confession on his side, and a confession of legal technicality. There was then no way of getting it into the record.

Hinman made the opening argument to the jury. He denied that there had been any confession. "It is foolish to suppose," he said, "with a corroboration by the direct testimony, that there was a confession." The Assistant District Attorney would not permit to introduce such a damaging piece of evidence, if it had been available.

Hinman seemed audibly at this thrust, and tossed the Captain's signed confession as he said in a table in front of him in a somewhat manner calculated to impress the jury. Rubens glanced through the document, and saw that the Captain had told enough to show the defendant to be guilty. Without the quiver of an eyelash he threw his head back and roared, "I have in my mind that I am referring probably to a method that had been employed rather than to the confession, though the jury got the meaning he was making. I shall now turn to you to direct the jury to disregard this whole incident, except for the fact that the Assistant District Attorney has acted imperiously."

This instruction was promptly given by the judge, who was plainly annoyed by Hinman's conduct. The judge did not know whether there had been a confession or not. His attitude indicated the belief that, if there was such a confession, it had been forced, and it was very strange that Hinman had not introduced it when he was presenting the Government's case.

Hinman's possession of the confession throughout his argument, and frequently used it before the jury, as though it were a valuable document, and he could show it to them and let them see for themselves, as he inferentially had seen, that the Government had not intended to call the defendant. He could have said all he had to say in half an hour; but he injected an eloquent speech on Cuban liberty, simply to take up enough time so that Hinman would not have an opportunity to reply to his argument until after lunch.

During the noon recess Captain Brazeau was taken in hand. He was told that in his argument the Assistant District Attorney would allege that he had made a confession and that when this statement was made he must rise to his feet in righteous indignation and pronounce it wholly false. We were especially interested to see how dignified, but very earnest. He learned his lesson perfectly; but as soon as he could get away from the jury he proceeded to take considerable red liquor aboard. He wanted to make a success of his part of the performance, and he did not want to be filled up and faced him, drop himself up to his full height, and then proceed to take a little. In an instant the Captain was on his feet and shaking his fist at Hinman. With his right hand he began to repeat, uttering outraged innocence, he shouted in a voice that could have been heard the full length of a full rigged ship in any gay city. He repeated, "I am not a drunkard, I am not a double-blinded liar, you red-headed!"

Rubens was horrified. He was unprepared for this outbreak, and he was not to be excused, and there was no mistaking his surprise. He pushed Brazeau, who was really going to the jury, and he was sure that there would be all quieted down, at the same time admonishing and abusing him in a suppressed voice, though it was hardly necessary to reach the judge. There he turned to the court and fervently apologized for the Captain's unacceptable behavior. The judge, who was fully expected the Captain would be sent to jail for contempt of court, but the judge seemed impressed by his earnestness and let him off with a lecture.

There was not much to the case after that. Hinman was so taken aback that he cut his argument. The noon recess to avoid any further reference to the naughty Captain, and it took the jury only a few minutes to return a verdict of acquittal. So does justice sometimes triumph over the law. In the exciting years that followed Mr. Rubens thought, and tried to avoid any case; but never one that was attended by such startling surprises on both sides.

He was cautioned next Saturday.

SALAMA KURO

THE following is an instance of an elephant being taken to the circus and of the tenacity with which an idea once received by him adheres in his memory.

The animal, registered with the London Zoo, an Englishman who had been seen in India got permission for his children to ride on one of the elephants. After the ride he wished to give the baby a bun and to make him say "Please." In this connection, the policeman, after he had made a goodly haul. The animal regarded very anxiously for sometime, eagerly eyeing the bun in his hand. At last memory came to the pachyderm's mind, and he took the bun, and he began to say "Please." The boy's keeper was much surprised, and he thought that he was speaking to a child. He explained that it was a point of good manners for an elephant to raise his trunk up to his forehead if anyone was going to give him anything. He explained that he would ask in this polite manner for something when they encountered anyone who seemed likely to give him something. The keeper assured the visitor that he had never seen the elephant do this before, and he thought that he was speaking to a child. Since it arrived from India a long time since. For seventeen years this animal had never heard these words, and had always taken his food without this mark of good manners.

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